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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Number 7043 Volume 273 June 1985



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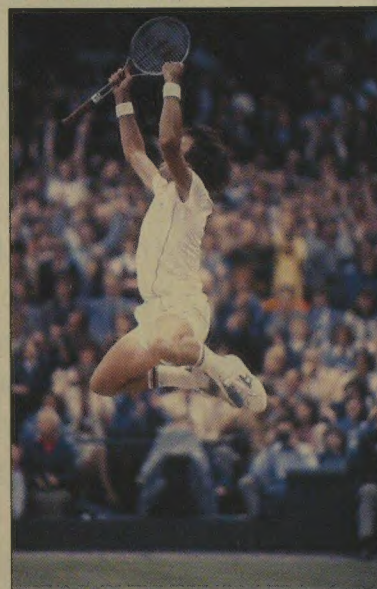
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Life in the North-East.



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20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF. Telephone 01-928 6969



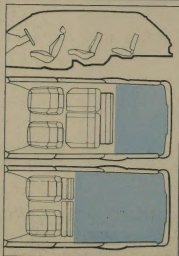
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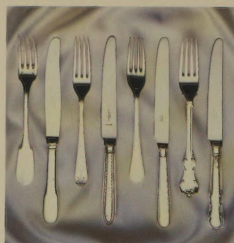
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**T**he two most venerable institutions of the western world are the papacy and the British monarchy and they have much in common. Both rely for much of their influence on arousing reverence and awe: neither has in practice great executive power; continuity is essential for both. Queen Victoria, who had great prescience about the foundations of her own position, saw the community of interest: when Pius IX lost his temporal power, she was quite definitely not amused.

This being the case, it is all the sadder that the proposed attendance of the Prince of Wales at a mass in the private chapel of the Pope at the Vatican should have become a source of discord rather than of reconciliation. The facts of the matter are by now fairly clearly established. The Prince of Wales is both religious by temperament and ecumenical by inclination. When Pope John Paul II paid his historic visit to Britain in May, 1982, in circumstances of some difficulty because the Falklands War was then at its height, Prince Charles by his own volition participated in the greatest moment of the visit, the joint service at Canterbury Cathedral in which Pope John Paul and the Archbishop of Canterbury took part.

No one who was present in the Cathedral that day is ever likely to forget it. I can still see in my mind's eye the Holy Father and the Archbishop of Canterbury walking down the aisle of the Cathedral together, the applause rippling about them, until they came to the high-altar and knelt side by side in silent prayer. Then the Pope went forward to embrace in fraternal love virtually every member of the Anglican bench of bishops. At that moment the Anglican Communion with its beauty, its holiness and its learning was caught up into the Universal Church and recognized publicly in the words of Paul VI as a "sister Church". What we had witnessed was something of the essence of the Christian gospel, the ability to forgive and be forgiven.

It was small wonder then that the Prince of Wales should want to do something more than pay a purely formal and ceremonial visit to the Vatican and hit upon the idea of attending the papal mass or eucharist. The Pope was delighted at the suggestion and placed his private chapel, normally reserved for the Pontiff and his house-

hold, at the royal couple's disposal. At that point the difficulties began to mount: snags which should have been anticipated came to the fore, objections were brought forward, legal and political considerations replaced spiritual ones and the attendance was called off. The Pope responded with good grace and made it clear that he was in no way offended and was looking forward to the visit, mass or no mass. Nevertheless, as I know from my correspondence, not all were equally tranquil. Some Catholics were offended that the mass had been called off, some Protestants were annoyed that it had ever been suggested, the Pope, the Prince and the Palace were all exposed to embarrassment.

Yet this should not be the lasting impression left by the incident. The positive elements far outweigh the negative ones. British Catholics on the whole did not take umbrage, rather they were touched by the Prince's sincerity and moved by the compliment obviously intended for their Communion. No objections came from the other principal Churches in Britain and this marked an ecumenical advance. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who was consulted on the matter, gave it at least a *nihil obstat* and probably an *imprimatur*. Attention was drawn to the Act of Settlement with its infringement of the rights of the sovereign and the heirs to the throne to exercise some of their basic human and religious freedoms only at the cost of forfeiting their rights of succession to the throne. People became aware of the insulting references to Catholics in the wording of the Act itself. Personally I feel that in a country such as our own it is preferable for the sovereign, who symbolizes the unity of the nation, to be a member of the Anglican and Presbyterian Churches, but this should be a voluntary choice freely arrived at and not one imposed by law. I believe that the day has been advanced when the Act of Settlement will be repealed or amended, as it must be if the ecumenical movement is to reach fulfilment.

At the same time I wonder what the fuss was all about. There was never any question of the Prince and Princess actually receiving Holy Communion at the mass since this is against the present discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. Furthermore, members of the royal family have attended mass on previous occasions. Princess Alexan-

dra was present at mass in St Peter's in October, 1976, when a kinsman of her husband, Blessed John Ogilvie, was raised to the altars of the Church. A comedy of errors did in fact occur, since a friar came along the row where the Princess and her family were kneeling and offered them Holy Communion which they accepted. For their pains they were denounced by certain sections of the Italian press as "causing an ecumenical scandal". I would have thought it would have been much more of a scandal if Communion had been refused. Furthermore Princess Alexandra, as always, behaved with that exquisite sense of courtesy and good manners which has made her deservedly one of the most popular members of the royal family. To have created a scene by refusing to receive Communion from the enthusiastic and myopic friar would have been wrong.

In any case I reflect further: "Why not?" Neither the Catholic Church nor the Church of England supports "open Communion" which is practised by some Protestant denominations. What I may call "occasional intercommunion", that is, reception of the Sacrament by a non member who is baptised when there are very special circumstances, is another matter. I, like many other Catholics, have been present on ecumenical occasions when the circumstances have led the participants to communicate together. I sometimes wonder whether the early Luther, many of whose suggestions for reform were put into operation by the Second Vatican Council, was not right also in advocating the reciprocal recognition by the major Churches of one another as valid expressions of the Christian tradition, and the throwing open of their altars on an equal basis. It will have to come to that if ecumenism is not to finish in a dead end.

However, I digress. There is an earlier example of a member of the royal family attending mass than that of Princess Alexandra. When Edward VII was Prince of Wales he had called on Pius IX in Rome in 1872. Back in the eternal city again in 1903 as King, he insisted against the advice of his cabinet on paying a visit to Leo XIII, becoming the first reigning English sovereign to visit a pope since the Reformation. In February, 1908, both the King and Queen Alexandra were present at a requiem mass in London at St James, Spanish Place, for King Carlos

of Portugal and his heir who had been assassinated in Lisbon. There were no protests at the time but I regret to say that Sir Philip Magnus records that the king fell asleep during the mass. King Edward was not in the least infected by no-popery, and such an attitude would have been singularly inappropriate in so cosmopolitan a figure. At his coronation he left out of his oath certain words which would have been offensive to his Catholic subjects, and they have never been re-inserted.

Cardinal Newman used to maintain that with regard to the papacy Englishmen bore what he called "a stain" upon their imaginations. A major contribution to eradicating that stain was made in 1864 when the great cardinal published the history of the development of his religious opinions, the *Apologetica Pro Vita Sua*, in response to Charles Kingsley's wild accusations of insincerity and double think. From that moment Protestant England took John Henry Newman to themselves, he died a national hero, and Catholics were seen in an entirely different light.

Pope John Paul II made the second major contribution when he visited Britain three years ago, winning so many hearts by his humility and affability and turning the term "Bishop of Rome" from a term of abuse into a sobriquet.

Perhaps historians looking back will judge the third and final contribution as having been made by Prince Charles. What will they see? They will observe that the heir to the throne who, please God, will one day reign over this kingdom as Charles III, had the imagination not to treat history as bunk but to transcend it and make the attempt to escape from its cramping parameters. They will see an openness to those of other faiths combined with a passionate loyalty to the Church which he will be sworn to uphold. They will see a young man who long before he was called on to exercise the heavy responsibilities of kingship displayed a generosity and largeness of mind boding well for the worthy discharge of his great tasks when the day comes for him to assume them.

NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVAS

*The author is Conservative MP for Chelmsford. From 1979 to 81 he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Leader of the House of Commons and Minister for the Arts.*



JUNE 85

**The Bradford inferno:** 52 people were killed in the horrifying fire in a stand at Bradford City football ground on May 11. Another 3 were unaccounted for and more than 200 injured. The tragedy prompted an inquiry into safety precautions and standards at other British football grounds. The stand was completely engulfed in flames within 5 minutes of smoke first being seen, the wooden seating and timber and felt roof proving readily combustible. Many of the dead had been trapped at the back of the stand where the turnstiles had been locked to forestall gatecrashers. Most of those who escaped did so by clambering out of the stand on to the pitch, which they would not have been able to do had barriers been erected. The fire was so fierce that it destroyed much evidence of how it was caused.







**Commemorating VE Day:** The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended an ecumenical service at Westminster Abbey marking the 40th anniversary of VE Day with other members of the royal family including the Queen Mother, Prince Edward, Princess Margaret, Princess Alice, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent, Prince and Princess Michael of Kent, Princess Alexandra and Angus Ogilvy. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie, the Dean of Westminster, Dr Edward Carpenter, and Cardinal Hume, Archbishop of Westminster, took part in the service.





PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID ALLAN

**Stonehenge surrounded:** Protective "razor" wire has been placed round Wiltshire's prehistoric monument. The annual rock-music festival, attended by as many as 30,000, has caused excessive damage to the site and will not be allowed this year. Nor will the traditional Druid Summer Solstice rites.



JUNE 55

**The royal tour of Italy:** The Prince and Princess of Wales paid a 17-day visit to Italy, where they were welcomed with characteristic Italian exuberance. Apart from official duties, which included visits to the Hospital of Baby Jesus for sick children and the Boys' Town orphanage, in Rome, they were able to do some traditional sightseeing—of Florence's Renaissance art, the Vatican and Forum and Pantheon in Rome, St Mark's Square in Venice. Their meeting with the Pope was surrounded by some controversy when plans to attend a Papal mass were abandoned. Much attention was focused on the Princess of Wales's wardrobe throughout the trip.



REX FEATURES



LIONEL CHERRI/VAULT



REX FEATURES

After arriving in Sardinia the royal couple sailed on the *Britannia* to La Spezia where they toured a frigate and a training ship of the Italian Navy, the Princess wearing a suitably nautical hat, above left. In Milan they received an enthusiastic welcome, left, and spent an evening at La Scala opera house, above.



TIM GRAHAM

The Prince and Princess continued their tour in Florence, whose churches and art galleries delighted them, and had dinner with the Mayor at the Palazzo Vecchio where they signed the visitors' book, above. After a day's sightseeing in Rome, they went to Anzio's beachhead cemetery, right, to pay tribute to British and Commonwealth soldiers who were killed there during the Second World War.



FRANCIS D'AS





REUTERS



FRANCIS DIAS



FRANCIS DIAS

At the end of the visit to Rome the royal couple had an audience with Pope John Paul II at the Vatican, where they were received by officials and a line of Swiss Guards on arrival, top. After the 35-minute audience in the Vatican library, the Pope, Prince and Princess posed for photographers in the Sala Clementina.



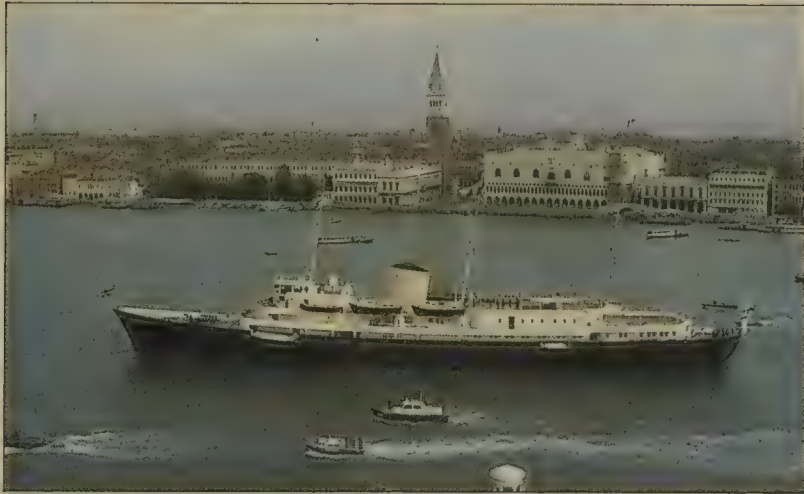


From the capital the Prince and Princess of Wales flew to Sicily for a day in the countryside. They visited a citrus farm, opposite, top left, and relaxed in the sun in the ancient Greek amphitheatre at Syracuse, above, before rejoining the royal yacht *Britannia* in the evening.





REX FEATURES



TIM GRAHAM



REX FEATURES



FRANCIS & JAMES

The last destination of the official tour was Venice, which the royal couple entered on board *Britannia*, above left. Highlights of their visit were a gondola ride along the canals, above right—and the reunion with their sons, Prince Harry and Prince William, on the royal yacht, above.



JUNE 85

**Monday, April 15**

South Africa announced its intention to withdraw immediately from Angola; and to repeal the laws prohibiting marriage and sexual relations between coloured and white people. On April 29 the President announced that freehold property rights would be extended to urban blacks.

The £ reached its highest level for 10 months, closing at \$1.2757.

Associated Dairies (ASDA) launched an agreed £605.8 million take-over bid for MFI, the self-assembly furniture retailer.

**Tuesday, April 16**

The American Secretary of State George Shultz warned South Africa against going ahead with any policy for Namibia which was not based on the United Nations resolution which required supervised elections leading to independence.

President Hastings Banda of Malawi arrived in Britain for a four-day state visit.

**Wednesday, April 17**

Lebanon's Prime Minister, Rashid Karami, resigned after a night of violence in which at least 20 people died and 120 were wounded as militiamen from the Amal Shia Muslim movement and the Druze Progressive Socialist Party fought in the streets of Beirut in an attempt to liquidate the Sunni Muslim Morabitoun militia. He withdrew his resignation on April 25.

**Thursday, April 18**

The Foreign Office ordered two Russians, a diplomat and the manager of Aeroflot, to leave Britain for spying. Later three other Russians were deported, and the Soviet Union expelled three Britons in reprisal.

The Getty Museum in California paid a record £7.5 million at Christie's for Mantegna's *Adoration of the Magi*.

In continuing violence in the Eastern Cape of South Africa, five blacks and a white man were killed. More than 100 lives had been lost due to unrest in the province since the beginning of 1985.

**Friday, April 19**

Inflation in Britain rose to 6.1 per cent in the year to mid-March.

44 people died in four days of rioting in Karachi among Pathan and non-Pathan groups following the death of a girl killed by a bus driven by a Pathan driver.

**Saturday, April 20**

An Israeli naval patrol intercepted and sank a boat about 100 miles off the coast west of Tel Aviv, killing 28 Arab guerrillas. 8 survivors were picked up.

**Sunday, April 21**

In winning the London Marathon Steve Jones of Wales broke the course record with a time of 2 hours 8 minutes 16 seconds. Ingrid Kristiansen set a new world best time for women of 2 hours 21 minutes 6 seconds.

The National Union of Teachers called out about 4,000 of its members at 201 schools in 20 local authorities to support its pay claim.

President-elect Tancred Neves of Brazil died, aged 75, after a five-week illness. The Vice-president, José Sarney, succeeded to the presidency in his place.

**Tuesday, April 23**

The BBC agreed to pay £75,000 damages, plus costs estimated at about £1 million, to a Harley Street slimming expert libelled in a *That's Life* programme.

The first plenary session of the nuclear-arms talks in Geneva ended and were described by the head of the American delegation as "useful".

**Wednesday, April 24**

China signed a £120 million contract to buy 10 British Aerospace 146 airliners.

The Pope appointed 28 new cardinals, including churchmen in Marxist

Ethiopia and Nicaragua and a pro-Solidarity archbishop in Poland.

Van Gogh's *Landscape with Rising Sun* was sold by Sotheby's in New York for £7.5 million. It was part of the Gould Collection, which made a world sale record of £25.5 million.

**Thursday, April 25**

Health authorities in England were to cut about 2,000 jobs, after a reduction of 11,400 posts in 1983 and a freeze on man power in 1984. Savings of about £150 million a year were expected for 1985.

**Friday, April 26**

The Auditor General qualified the National Health Service accounts for 1983/84 because of "serious and persistent failures" by health authorities to collect income due from private patients. Millions of pounds a year were thought to have been lost.

Palestinian guerrillas swarmed into abandoned Christian villages near Sidon, looting, destroying and pillaging the homes of those they suspected of supporting their Phalangist enemies. By April 29 50,000 Christians had fled to the mountain town of Jezzine and towards the buffer zone with Israel.

The National Coal Board announced that Polkemmet Colliery in West Lothian, flooded during the miners' strike, was to be abandoned. It would cost £10 million and take a year to pump the pit clear, and at least another £5 million to drill new tunnels to reach the coal.

The Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev offered to make cuts of 25 per cent

in the Russian missile armoury if the United States would abandon its Star Wars programme.

President Raul Alfonsín of Argentina announced austere "wartime economy" measures designed to reduce the country's 850 per cent inflation rate.

**Saturday, April 27**

Agents of the FBI in New York arrested Liam Ryan, 35, suspected of being a top IRA gun-runner.

A Tsarist treasure of gold and silver, rugs, porcelain, furs and musical instruments was discovered in a secret store-room in Leningrad. It had been hidden there during the Russian Revolution.

Two South African gold mining firms dismissed more than 15,000 black workers who had been on strike and sent them back to their homelands.

**Sunday, April 28**

The National Council for Civil Liberties at their annual meeting voted that the collective right to strike overrides the individual's right to work. On May 2 the general secretary, Larry Gostin, resigned.

Ken Livingstone, leader of the Greater London Council, was selected as Labour's parliamentary candidate for Brent East despite a High Court writ issued by the sitting MP, Reginald Freeson.

Two British men arrested in Cairo last November for alleged involvement in a plot to murder former Libyan Prime Minister Abdul Hamad Bakoush were released and deported. Two Maltese arrested at the same time were also released.

**Monday, April 29**

Israeli forces completed their withdrawal from Tyre in south Lebanon.

Lord Harewood, 62, accepted the post of President of the British Board of Film Censors.

**Tuesday, April 30**

The Church of England appointed the Venerable Wilfred Wood, 49, formerly Archdeacon of Southwark, to be Suffragan Bishop of Croydon.

Sir Max Aitken, son of Lord Beaverbrook and chairman of Beaverbrook Newspapers from 1968-77, died aged 75.

**Wednesday, May 1**

President Reagan banned all American trade with Nicaragua and prohibited Nicaraguan ships and aircraft from entering the US because of the Sandinista government's strengthened military ties with the Soviet bloc, posing an "unusual and extraordinary" threat to US security.

Two firemen were killed and 13 people were injured by a bomb placed near the Belgian Employers' Federation in Brussels. A left-wing group, the Fighting Communist Cells, claimed responsibility.

Two bombs, exploded on the Benidorm coast, were planted by Basque separatists. Further small bombs exploded later. There were no injuries.

Ethiopian authorities forcibly evacuated about 60,000 famine refugees from the relief camp at Ibnet in the central highlands and burnt the camp. The refugees were given 33lb of rations each and told to return to feeding

centres in Tigre and Wollo.

**Thursday, May 2**

Britain's unemployment figures rose by 29,000 to 3,177,200 in April, a new record level.

The economic summit for the world's seven biggest industrial countries opened in Bonn. There was failure to agree on ways to bring down trade barriers and stop demands for protectionism.

Dame Bridget d'Oyly Carte, grand-daughter of the founder of d'Oyly Carte Opera, died aged 77.

**Friday, May 3**

The Social Democratic Party made substantial gains in the county council elections at the expense of both the Conservative and Labour parties and won the balance of power in 20 out of 26 hung counties.

Two US diplomats were expelled from Poland, accused of having taken part in illegal pro-Solidarity May Day parades.

**Saturday, May 4**

The National Coal Board announced that targets for a cutback in jobs and production had been achieved and that hundreds more miners than necessary had applied for redundancy.

**Sunday, May 5**

The death toll in an outbreak of Legionnaires' disease, at first thought to be influenza, at Stafford District General Hospital rose to 30. An air-conditioning system was believed to be the source of the infection.

Sir Donald Bailey, designer of the Bailey bridge, died aged 83.

**Tuesday, May 7**

The Government announced the intention to privatize British Gas, raising between £8 billion and £10 billion if the whole of the corporation were sold.

The rundown of three collieries—Horden, Co Durham, Bates, Northumberland, and Whitburn, South Tyneside was proposed by the National Coal Board with the loss of about 3,000 jobs.

**Wednesday, May 8**

British Airways reported a record operating surplus of £315 million for the year 1984-85.

**Thursday, May 9**

A second black man within a week, Andries Raditsela, a trade union leader, died from injuries after being detained by the South African police. A two-hour nationwide strike was called to coincide with his funeral.

**Friday, May 10**

France's test of a nuclear bomb on Mururoa Atoll in French Polynesia provoked a protest from New Zealand's Prime Minister, David Lange.

Five schoolchildren and seven adults were killed when a reinforced concrete ceiling collapsed into a swimming bath at Uster, near Zürich.

**Saturday, May 11**

52 people were killed, 18 were missing and over 200 injured when a stand at Bradford City football club caught fire.

At least 84 people were killed by a series of bomb attacks in New Delhi and adjacent Indian states.

A new group of 32 Conservative backbenchers, led by former Foreign Secretary Francis Pym and to be known as the Conservative Centre Forward, was set up.

**Sunday, May 12**

Prince Andrew opened the new £400 million Mount Pleasant airport in the Falklands.

The death toll in the outbreak of Legionnaires' disease rose to 34. Hospitals in Portsmouth and Bristol were also reporting cases.

Violent demonstrations attended the Pope's visit to The Netherlands. Police defused a bomb in The Hague, due to be visited by the Pontiff, and petrol bombs and weapons were confiscated.



Top left, RAF Squadron Leader Nigel Wood, designated to be Britain's first man in space. Top centre, Britain's first black bishop, the new Suffragan Bishop of Croydon, The Venerable Wilfred Wood. Top right, Dennis Taylor, winner of the Embassy World Snooker Championship. Above, at the European economic summit in Bonn: Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone of Japan, Chancellor Helmut Kohl of West Germany, Mrs Nakasone, President of the Commission of the European Communities M. Jacques Delors, Mrs Kohl, President and Mrs Ronald Reagan of the United States, President von Weizsäcker of West Germany, President François Mitterrand of France, Mrs Mulroney, wife of the Canadian Prime Minister, Mrs Weizsäcker, Signor Bettino Craxi of Italy, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Great Britain.



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# Seven short-listed for 1985 Museum of the Year Award

Seven museums have been short-listed for the 1985 Museum of the Year Award. They are the Burrell Collection in Glasgow, the Buxton Micrarium in Derbyshire, the Dorset County Museum in Dorchester, the Jorvik Viking Centre at Coppergate in York, the London Toy and Model Museum, the Salisbury and South Wiltshire Museum and the Yorkshire Museum of Farming at Murton near York. The main award, sponsored by *The Illustrated London News* in conjunction with National Heritage, comprises a porcelain sculpture by Henry Moore, to be held by the winning museum for a year, and a cheque for £2,000. There will also be prizes this year for the best museum in the field of fine or applied arts (sponsored by Sotheby's), the best museum of industrial and social his-

tory (sponsored by Unilever), the best museum publications (sponsored by Watmoughs), an award for outstanding achievement on very limited resources (sponsored by Museum Casts) and a special judges' award (sponsored by Book Club Associates).

This is the 13th year of the awards. Recent winners have been the Gladstone Pottery Museum, Stoke-on-Trent (1976), Ironbridge Gorge Museum, Telford (1977), The Museum of London and Erddig (joint winners 1978), Guernsey Museum (1979), the Natural History Museum, London 1980, the National Tractor and Farm Museum, Stocksfield (1981) the City Museum and Art Gallery, Stoke-on-Trent (1982), the Ulster Folk and Transport Museum, Belfast (1983) and Quarry Bank Mill at Styal (1984).

## London Toy and Model Museum



The London Toy and Model Museum at Craven Hill was opened in 1982. Housed in a large Victorian listed building, specially converted by owner Allen Levy, the museum has three major collections: David Pressland's pre-1914 collection of toys made by the great Victorian and Edwardian toymakers—Bing, Marklin, Carotte, Martin and Britain's; Allen Levy's comprehensive train collection which traces the history of the model railway from its origins in the mid-19th century to the birth of the scale and super-scale model train. Several of the galleries have a working track layout. On the ground floor is a gallery devoted to nursery toys including a large collection of mechanical and non-mechanical bears of every size and description belonging to Allan Levy's wife Narisa.

## The Burrell Collection

The Burrell Collection, at Pollok Park, Glasgow, housed in a gallery specially designed by Barry Gasson, John Meunier and Brit Andreson, was opened by the Queen in 1983, nearly 40 years after Sir William and Lady Burrell had presented it to the City of Glasgow. Burrell was a wealthy shipowner who was able to devote himself to amassing a wide-ranging collection. He systematically bought in places which appealed to him and the results can be divided roughly into four main areas: the arts of the ancient civilizations of Iraq, Egypt, Greece and Italy; the arts of the Near and Far East; the decorative arts of medieval and Early Renaissance Europe; and European paintings, prints and drawings. The collection, which numbers more than 8,000 items, was made over a period of 80 years, an average of about two acquisitions a week.



## Buxton Micrarium



The Buxton Micrarium in Derbyshire is probably unique both in concept and in subject matter. By means of 44 specially designed microscopes, each with eight slides, visitors are introduced to the natural world in highly magnified form, viewed not only through conventional eye-pieces and lenses but also by means of projections on screens housed in octagonal structures in the centre of the exhibition hall. As well as solid objects, such as sand and stone, there are living creatures to be studied in their finest detail such as transparent water fleas. It is possible to see the young developing inside the parent insects. The purposeful activity inside an ant colony also becomes clearly visible. The microscopes are simple to operate and all the controls are indirect, so that the microscopes are fully protected.

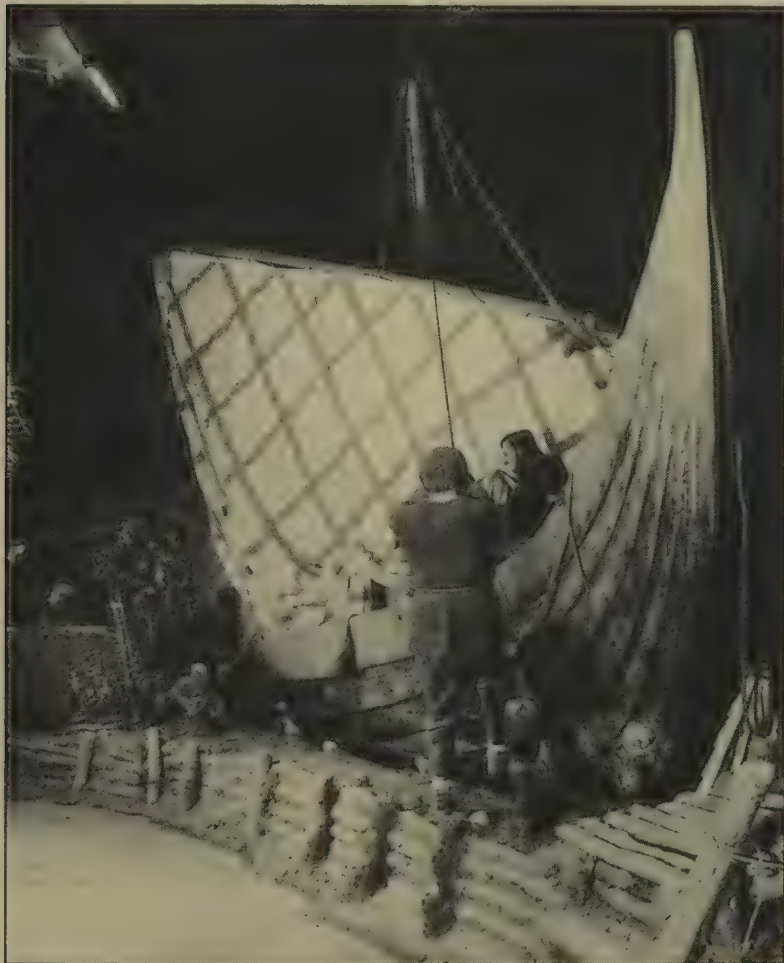


## Salisbury and South Wiltshire Museum

The Salisbury and South Wiltshire Museum is an independent museum founded in 1860. In 1981 it moved to the Grade 1 listed building, King's House, in the Cathedral Close, Salisbury. This has enabled the museum to display the archaeological collections of General Pitt Rivers, tracing his fieldwork career, site by site, from the Yorkshire Wolds in the 1870s to South Lodge Camp in the 1890s, including his 1881 holiday in Egypt, during which he proved the existence of primitive man in Egypt by finding palaeolithic flint implements. Also newly displayed is the story of Stonehenge and its relics, and the Early Man in South Wiltshire collection which incorporates newly excavated and renovated material from the old museum site, including the mosaic pavement from the Downton Roman Villa.



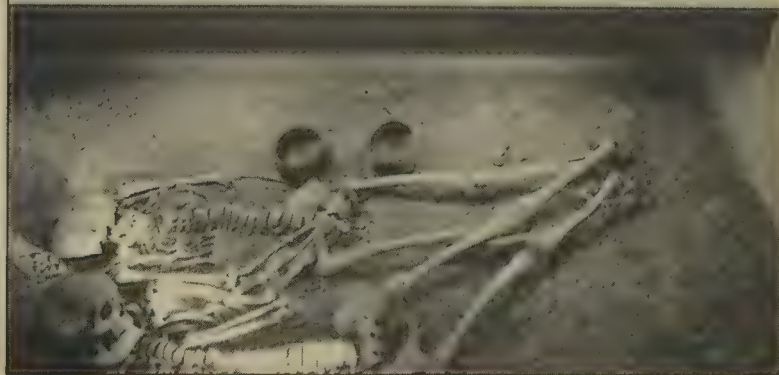
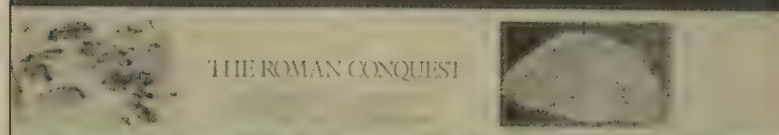
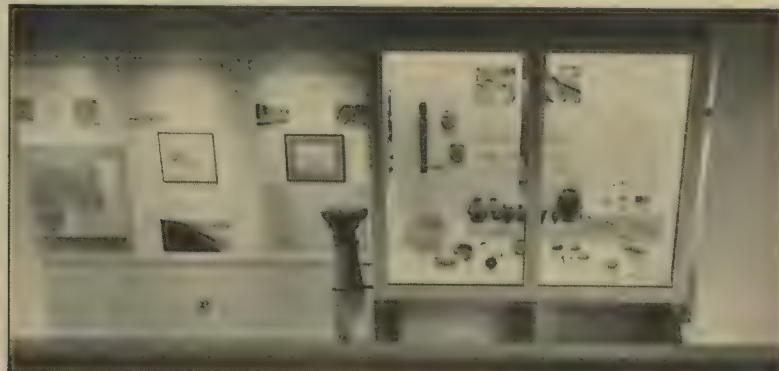
## Jorvik Viking Centre



The Jorvik Viking Centre, constructed under a shopping centre in the heart of York, was opened in 1984. The project followed five years of excavation on the site of Coppergate, and it is on this evidence of Viking life in the 10th century, when Jorvik was one of a chain of Viking ports stretching through the Mediterranean to the Near East, that the reconstruction was based. Visitors travel in electric time cars through a model of a Viking street, alley and wharf, complete with authentic sounds and smells, before seeing part of the excavation, the conservation and environmental laboratories and a more conventional museum gallery of finds, of which there were more than 30,000 on the site, illustrating everyday life and dress of the time as well as activities such as textile and leather working, jewelry and glass making.

## Dorset County Museum

The new archaeology gallery in the Dorset County Museum, Dorchester, was opened in 1984. The excavations and finds made by Sir Mortimer Wheeler at Maiden Castle are used as the core of the gallery but many sites of equal importance are also illustrated, including the recent excavations at Hambledon Hill, the great neolithic henges at West Stafford, the now destroyed Iron-Age and Roman farming settlement at Gussage All Saints and the pottery industry around Poole harbour in Roman times. The sites are examined in reconstructions, photographs (from the air and the ground), plans and models and show the great advances in archaeological techniques and interpretation while emphasizing that archaeological sites must be left for future generations, with improved techniques, to learn from.



## Yorkshire Museum of Farming



The Yorkshire Museum of Farming at Murton near York opened in 1982. It occupies 8 acres with access to a further 72 and its displays aim to interpret farming changes in Yorkshire from early times to the present day. Collections of farming equipment and old photographs are displayed in reconstructed farm buildings. The Four Seasons Building houses machinery and implements relating to the crop-growing activities of each season and specific chains of development are traced, such as the story of the tractor and of land drainage. The museum currently keeps flocks of sheep—Leicester Longwool, Wensleydale, Swaledale, Soay and Jacob—and cattle, including Dairy Shorthorns and Herefords; and pigs, poultry, pheasants, bees, donkeys, doves, rats and goats.



## British farmers under fire

From Peter Ashley

Dear Sir,  
Richard North's article [*ILN*, April] was a blatantly knocking piece upon the most productive, most efficient, most cost-effective industry in Britain, and one of the biggest employers of labour (directly and indirectly some 9 per cent of the employed workforce). Contrary to popular belief, according to Cambridge economist Michael Murphy British farmers have one of the lowest levels of protection in the world. In the years 1972 to 82 British agricultural output rose by 27 per cent (*Lloyds Bank Bulletin*). Home-produced food is now the cheapest ever (*Department of Employment*). Agricultural exports increased by 27 per cent to £1,600.8 million over the last two years (*British Agricultural Export Council*), and we now produce 76 per cent of the food we consume.

Richard North wrote that *each* milk, beef and grain farmer has received £20,000 a year in public subsidy. But according to Ministry of Agriculture figures the average farm income for 1983 ranged from £2,365 for an average 175 acre cattle and beef farm, to £16,741 on an average 321 acre specialist cereal farm. My own income from 140 acres was between these figures. Milk Marketing Board figures for 108 dairy farms monitored by them show a 94 per cent *fall* in profits for 1983 to 84. All this before bank charges (an average 23 per cent of farm income according to bank figures), before any allowance for the work of the farmer—or his wife—and before any return on the

farmer's own capital. These figures hardly support the contention that an industry whose main misdemeanour has been to be too efficient and to produce (probably temporarily and only in the prosperous West) too much cheap food, is over-subsidized, particularly when compared with the over-manned, inefficient coal, rail, and steel industries.

Since we joined the EEC British farmers have been at the mercy of decision-makers in Brussels. As they are now realizing, our old, much-abused deficiency payment scheme had a lot to recommend it. But we have had to tag along on the coat-tails of the Germans, who believe in positive support for rural communities and small farms, of the insular French who have a large, vocal and often violent peasant farming lobby, and of the divergent demands of the other five members of the Community, all fighting for their own corner. Is it a wonder that British farming suffers, and the countryside reflects changes forced upon us?

Richard North asked how the EEC, "desperate to staunch the flow of cash into farmers' pockets" can avoid "agricultural depression" with consequent bankruptcies and dereliction in the countryside. To answer this he produces six farmers, at least four of whom appear to be multimillionaires. They are completely unrepresentative of the industry as a whole, farming as they do large acreages in favoured areas (which they seem to have inherited and to own), having other sources of income, and possessing entrepreneurial skills denied to most of us simple folk. They have also been the principal beneficiaries of the EEC support system for cereals.

Many British dairy farmers have

recently been ruined by an ill thought-out EEC quota scheme. Pig and poultry producers have *never* been subsidized by the EEC, and have struggled for years against the artificial imbalance between "horn and corn" which has resulted from Community policies. In spite of working all day, seven days a week, in spite of average efficiency, my partner in a pig-breeding enterprise lost some £7,000 last year. He most certainly is not helped by a bank base rate of 13 per cent, when many of our European "partners" enjoy credit of 4 to 5 per cent, nor by feedstuffs artificially supported at 20 to 30 per cent above world levels, nor by articles such as that by Richard North.

The real irony of this sadly too typical piece of farmer-bashing comes in the postscript entitled "The Vanishing Countryside". Nonsensical figures seem to imply that farmers are the main culprits. They are even, by association, the villains who remove "limestone pavements" for rockeries. We are told of the 140,000 miles of hedges removed, "more recent figures"—than 1974!—"are not yet available". They are, you know. In 50 square miles of Suffolk in the last five years farmers have planted 19 miles of hedgerow and removed 4½ miles.

There is not a word in this survey of that arch public vandal, the Forestry Commission, whose regimented non-indigenous plantings sterilize hundreds of thousands of upland acres. Not a mention of motorways, of new towns, of airports, which between them in a decade permanently destroy more countryside than agriculture has altered in a century.

Look around you, *Illustrated London News* readers, if you dare, as you travel up one of those proud

motorways, with its six lanes of pollution, its wide, barren verges, its acres of interchanges. Observe beyond it how beautifully Britain is farmed. Ignore the propaganda of such as Richard North and enjoy the trim hedges, green fields and contented animals of our farms. Above all appreciate the cheap and abundant food in the shops. Realize how much dedicated hard work, how much loving care has gone into creating rural Britain. It is most certainly worth preserving, but this cause will not be helped by antagonizing those who really are "the indispensable backbone of the country".

Peter Ashley  
Monks Green Farm  
Hertford

From Wing Commander A. G. Trevenen James, Committee Member, Population Concern

Dear Sir,  
Richard North's excellent article dealt with only one aspect of Britain's conservation problem. Although the United Kingdom population will grow by little more than one million by the end of the century, there will be four million more houses requiring building land, five million more private cars requiring road space, millions more people demanding recreational facilities in the countryside, at least double our present contribution to Third World food aid, and greatly increased areas of forestry to avoid the ever-rising costs of importing 85 to 90 per cent of our timber.

Let us hope that we get our land-use priorities right during the next 15 years.  
A. G. Trevenen James  
125 Harley Street  
London W1

From J. W. Clarke

Dear Sir,  
Food in Britain today is cheaper in relation to incomes than at any time in history. Putting more and more economic pressure on agriculture could easily change this happy state.

The so-called destruction of the countryside has not just happened since Britain joined the EEC. It began during the last war with Government War Agricultural Committees ordering farmers to plough species-rich meadows or face imprisonment and eviction. Since then there has been economic pressure by successive governments to make agriculture more and more "efficient" with results which are now blamed on the farmer.

There are other destroyers of the countryside besides farmers. The Forestry Commission has spoilt much deciduous woodland by replanting with conifers, to name but one. Squeezing agriculture even harder will do nothing for conservation. It may possibly have the opposite effect.

J. W. Clarke  
Crowlands  
Burwell  
Cambridge

## 100 years ago



In June, 1885, W. E. Gladstone's second administration came to an end. Defeat in the House of Commons, which prompted the government's resignation, was not the direct result of criticisms of its policies in Egypt and the disaster in Khartoum but of a vote over budget proposals to increase taxes on beer and spirits. The *ILN* of June 27, 1885, published this drawing of members of the defeated Liberal government in the Commons Division Lobby. Gladstone (centre right) stands with John Bright and H. C. E. Childers (Chancellor of the Exchequer).



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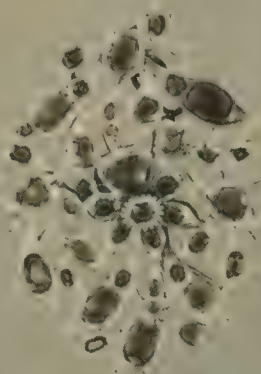
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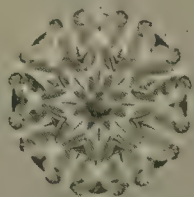
English c.1780  
Miniature by  
Richard Cosway



English c.1900  
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# ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

## Bearing witness to Spain's miracle

Señor José-Joaquín Puig de la Bellacasa, Spanish ambassador in London for the past two years, keeps a tortoise on his desk as a reminder that in diplomacy you sometimes have to be very patient. "When things get on my nerves I look at the tortoise and I feel better," he said when we met in his be-tapestried office at the embassy in Belgrave Square.

By temperament and blood—half Catalan, half Basque—he is evidently more hare than tortoise: a brisk, very friendly and positive man of 53 years. Where many of his predecessors hung a picture of Gibraltar in the same office, he installed one of the island of Minorca, which Spain lost to England along with Gibraltar in the 1713 Treaty of Utrecht—but regained in 1782.

He is also enormously Anglophile, and has visited London every year save two since he first came here in 1951. He and his wife sent their six children to English schools not just when he was counsellor at the London embassy from 1971 to 1974 but also subsequently when he was back at the Foreign Ministry in Madrid, of which he rose to be head, and private secretary to King Juan Carlos in the vital two years before and after Franco's death and the king's accession. The two youngest children are now at the Oratory School in London, another is at the University of Buckingham, and three are at university in Spain.

The ambassador's reading of history leads him to believe that relations between Spain and Britain are better now than they have been for some 200 years. The British government has given valuable support to Spain's bid to enter the EEC next January; Spain has become a (political) member of Nato; and talks between London and Madrid have put the problem of Gibraltar, which has hung like a shadow over the Anglo-Spanish relationship, "on the road to a solution," he believes.

None of this would have been possible without Spain's astonishingly smooth transition to democracy after the Franco era, which is perhaps not fully appreciated here and which he witnessed from such a pivotal position. The big doubt was whether the Spanish armed services shared the popular desire for a clean break with Francoist authoritarianism. "The secret of success," he reflected, "was that the army found a new loyalty and allegiance in the monarchy and king."

"If you think of 40 years of non-democratic régime, of the civil war before that—which was the origin of all the trouble—and of the two dynastic civil wars in the 19th century, such



**José-Joaquín Puig de la Bellacasa: a ring-side witness of historic change.**

a democratic régime has been almost a miracle. And I think it was very important for the consolidation of democracy to have a socialist government—the first in history, like yours of 1924 but 60 years later."

The only serious hiccup was the generals' abortive coup of February 23, 1981. By chance Señor Puig de la Bellacasa was then visiting Madrid from Rome, where he was ambassador to the Holy See, and had left the parliament building three minutes before the famous shots were fired, having just visited his friend the Prime Minister, Calvo Sotelo. That same year he accompanied the present Pope to Spain, the first such voyage in history, a fact which John Paul II found hard to believe.

British contacts with Spain have their paradoxes. Though some six million Britons head for its beaches every summer, the real Spain of the interior probably has fewer committed enthusiasts than Brittany, Provence or Tuscany; and there is little realization here of the dramatic developments in Spanish industry and agriculture in the past 20 years.

Yet our two countries are not without their similarities, the ambassador argues, such as an imperial past. "Your empire was in some ways made on ours. The defeat of the Armada was the very beginning, in a sense, of the British empire, and the beginning of the end of ours." Plans are well advanced for a joint celebration in 1988 of the 400th anniversary of the naval engagement, and he hopes that the projected series of exhibitions, lectures and films in London and Madrid will help remove the shadows of suspicion left by Philip II. This autumn the art and architecture of Barcelona are the subject of a separate celebration at the Hayward Gallery in London.

After a most agreeable hour the

ambassador told me why he had given the *ILN* the first interview of his life. When war broke out in 1939, he was eight and living with his family in Bilbao. His father, an engineer, took the *ILN*, and thereafter young José-Joaquín learnt about the war's progress from its sepia-tinted photographs. Thus no doubt have many Anglophiles been made and, we hope, still are.

## How I. G. rose to lead the LSE

From railway clerk's son to Director of the London School of Economics and Political Science: the rise of Dr I. G. Patel sounds dramatic but in fact—thanks in part to an outstanding intellect—has been remarkably smooth. His brilliance is very different from that of his predecessor, the German sociologist Dr Ralf Dahrendorf, who held the post for 10 successful years. The German was restless, hyper-articulate and excelled at public exposition. His ideas stood out like polished nuggets. The Indian is soft-spoken, his energy and charm are more contained, and his pearls flow swiftly past.

Understandably, the LSE's governors inclined to a British director after a German incumbent. But the name of Indraprasad Gordhanbai Patel, known as I.G., kept on cropping up as an exceptional economist of wide international experience: when the search was on, he was at 58 in semi-retirement as head of the Indian Institute of Management after five years as Governor of the Reserve Bank. He accepted the job with delight.

Born in Baroda as the eldest son among nine children, his father worked as clerk with the Gaekwar of Baroda's



state railway system. "He was a very active and enterprising man," Dr Patel recalled affectionately. "He always combined his work with doing other things after hours—like supplying provisions to the local hospital, setting up a stall to sell firecrackers during the Festival of Light, or selling national savings certificates."

When he was 15½, I.G. gained the second highest marks out of 48,000 matriculating students, and never really looked back: there followed top honours in economics at Baroda College of Bombay University—and a place at King's College, Cambridge. But it was 1944, he had no money, and there were practically no boats. "I went to Thomas Cook's and they said a boat was coming within a week, bringing the families of missionaries from China. The advantage of being in a small state was that everyone knew me, and it took them no time to get me a scholarship."

King's provided him with his first contact with the LSE, which had been evacuated to Cambridge. He savoured the clarity of Nicholas Kaldor's lectures and the more mellifluous periods of R. H. Tawney, though Harold Laski's style was by then somewhat anecdotal—"you didn't feel he opened intellectual doors for you, which is what you want at that age."

Between gaining a First and a PhD at King's, I.G. Patel spent a year at Harvard, then returned to be professor of economics at Baroda College for five years. Third-world economists of his calibre were rare, and he was called to the International Monetary Fund in Washington, where he worked for four years before returning to spend 18 years at the heart of India's economic affairs in New Delhi, rising to be Permanent Secretary of the Department of Economic Affairs at 42. "If the results were not as good as expected—



I. G. Patel: a timely boat from China.

and they weren't—it was perhaps because the essential push for productivity was not there," he said, looking back on the country's economic performance. "Everyone was mesmerized by the quantitative approach. We should have seen it more in terms of the efficiency of the investment and of management."

Dr Patel was running the economics ministry when Mrs Gandhi took over the portfolio, conscious that she would be made or broken by her government's economic performance, and working like an examination student to master her briefs. Looking back on the assassinated leader, he reckons she had a single weakness, magnified by her position—"suspiciousness, extra-sensitiveness to criticism, call it what you will. Unlike her father, she couldn't take such things in her stride. That led to her isolation, which when you have to govern a huge country like that is not right." Her strength was her patriotism. "She was committed to the welfare of the ordinary people and to the dignity of the Indian nation," he continued. "I think people understood that, and that was why she was such a vote-catcher. With her father there were rather too many ifs and buts."

At the LSE, Dr Patel now finds himself at the receiving end of a central government (Mrs Thatcher's) which "seems determined to reduce the level of funding to the university system in real terms," as he put it. "It looks as if it's going to be a life of 2 to 3 per cent cuts every year, and that's not good for the morale of the place. People lose any sense of purpose." Costs and staff have been trimmed, courses broadened to attract more foreign students (now almost 40 per cent of the 4,200 total and obliged to pay fees of £3,400 a year), all in the hope that "steady-state funding", as he calls it, is around the corner. "But they say, 'Look, you have done it! You can do more!' You are hoist on your own petard." The budget change in national insurance contributions alone added £170,000 to the LSE's annual costs: he sometimes wonders if the Government realizes that universities cannot, unlike businesses, pass the costs on to the customer.

These anxieties aside, his only regret about being in London is that his wife, a singer of classical Indian music near the peak of her career, has to spend part of each year singing on the sub-continent. Their 19-year-old daughter hopes to study natural sciences here—at Cambridge rather than London University.

## Going straight to conquer

When Julia Watson first watched herself acting on television, she was so mesmerized by what she saw—Julia in the round, so to speak, rather than the usual mirror image—that she couldn't take in anything else. "You look different. You see your face the other way round—it's so subtle," she said when we met at the National Theatre, where she is appearing as She (Kate Hardcastle) in *She Stoops to Conquer* and this spring took over as Sofya in Chekhov's *Wild Honey* from the much English-rosier Elizabeth Garvey.

The stage first began to interest Julia when her father, a theatre enthusiast



Julia Watson: her first task was knocking on dressing room doors saying, "Your scene's coming up".

and lecturer in engineering at Derby Polytechnic, and her mother took her to matinées at Stratford-upon-Avon when she was eight or nine. She started acting at primary school, continued at Derby's grammar school for girls, and when she was about 12 joined Derby's own amateur Shakespeare company, which took over the Derby Playhouse for two weeks every year. Her first task was knocking on dressing-room doors saying, "Your scene's coming up." By 16 she was playing Juliet. "I was rather impressed by having to kiss a young man on stage, and wasn't sure how my mother was going to take it," she recalled, her wide-set, dark bluey-green eyes sparkling in their frame of dark hair.

Instead of going to drama school, for which she could not get a grant, she pleased her parents by going to university at Exeter, which offered the most practical course. She took English and drama, and loved it, not least being in Devon after the industrial Midlands. On graduating she helped found a community theatre in Newcastle, taking theatre to many people—in schools, working men's clubs and so on—who hadn't seen it before, and being constantly delighted at the pleasure it gave. "It's easy to forget how universal the theatre is."

But a year of that and nine months with Nottingham Playhouse's educational Roundabout Group, though enjoyable, convinced her that she wanted to act in straight theatre. She loves rehearsals and getting into a part. That meant getting a base in London: "It's the centre. All the auditions for the rep companies are held here, a lot of the casting directors are here, and so are most of the agents." Unfortunately her first agent went bankrupt, which lost Julia a substantial sum.

Apart from one painful six-month stretch without work, she has kept

pretty busy with, among other engagements, a sequence of short seasons with provincial repertory companies, an eye-opening two-month tour of East Africa and Mauritius in *The Merchant of Venice*, and a good deal of television work, including *Shoestring*, *Maybury* and *Never the Twain*, the comedy series with Donald Sinden and Windsor Davies. "That was my baptism of fire. Not only were there lots of cameras but a studio audience as well. It was great fun." More recently she played a girl from Belfast in a Channel 4 film, *Through an Unknown Land*, which had mixed reviews. That gave her four days in Belfast getting the atmosphere and accent. Accents come quite easily to her.

She joined the National Theatre two years ago after being auditioned for Peter Gill's production of Büchner's *Danton's Death*. Gill's economy and simplicity she greatly admires, although—or because—it makes great demands on the actors in terms of integrity and honesty. For him she also played Jenny Hill, the Salvation Army girl in Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara*, then left the NT to do a tour of Ann Jellicoe's 1960s play *The Knack*, returning for *She Stoops to Conquer* last September.

Contracts are from play to play her present ones run to November and she dislikes the insecurity. "Women have a tougher time than men," she points out. "There are fewer parts. It's a very unsettled life, with so little rule or logic to it. But when I'm doing it, I can't envisage anything I'd rather be doing." A flat in Hammer-smith and two cats provide some continuity. I wish this delightfully unaffected girl the cream of roles.



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# Underneath London's arches

To say that one has spent an evening underneath the arches suggests either bankruptcy or an Orwellian taste for slumming. In fact London's arches now house a wide range of interesting activities, from a large new health club in the heart of the City, to a 600-foot-long permanent exhibition by the Polish artist Feliks Topolski. Railway arches are no longer solely the refuge of down-and-outs: they are increasingly the haunt of those on their way up or very much "in".

The change has come about gradually. Space is increasingly expensive and difficult to find in central London. Advances in damp-proofing and lighting techniques have made it possible to convert premises which once seemed suitable at best for garages into luxurious private clubs. Most important of all, the position of arches around and under major railway stations guaran-

by Amanda Craig. Photographs by Penny Tweedie.

Nearly 7,000 railway arches owned by British Rail are rented out. Restaurants, clubs, studios and shops are joining the warehouses and garages to make good use of these empty spaces.

tees easy access by public transport, and attracts passers-by.

The peculiarity of the sites has stimulated both conservation and imagination, as in the London Dungeon. Gloomy caverns dripping with water and smelling strongly of mould are the perfect place to show "Horrific British History", and the mingling of rumbling trains overhead with tape-recorded moans and groans adds to the sinister atmosphere. Life-sized models, dimly lit by flickering candles,

depict such ghoulish scenes as the sacrifice of a virgin by a Druid, the torture of prisoners in Newgate and the boiling alive of the poisoner Richard Rose. "All the details," the manageress Eva Saltman assures, "are accurate."

The London Dungeon was started in 1975 by Annabel Geddes. She emerged from a visit to the Tower of London with two disappointed children who had been hoping for something gruesome. She had the idea of presenting a less sanitized version of

England's past, and found ideal premises in Tooley Street beneath London Bridge Station. Three years of research into the gorier chapters of history followed, along with much hard work to raise the necessary capital. The 35,000 square feet which the Dungeon occupies were painted black, and a team of artists headed by Peter Howitt, who designed many of the props for the James Bond films, set to work on the exhibition, which has pleasurably frightened children ever since.

The biggest problem, damp, was no drawback to such an enterprise. Under the Cannon Street arches, however, it was sufficiently bad to cause a 1 acre sports club to be sold. It was bought by Jack Chia, a Thai businessman, whose company provided the £600,000 needed for refurbishing.

The results are superb and unexpected. Walking past a succession of ➡



Cannons sports club, with its swimming pool, above left, hydro-spa and gym, is a luxurious oasis among the grimy warehouses under the arches of Cannon Street station. Artist Feliks Topolski, above right, was an arch pioneer. He has been in his studio near Waterloo since 1953 and now has a permanent exhibition area, too.



## Underneath London's arches

grimy warehouses from station to Thames, you enter a tunnel where members park their cars. On the left is a bar and restaurant overlooking the river, on the right an 18-metre heated swimming pool fringed by luxuriant artificial tropical plants. Farther on is a hydro-spa—a jacuzzi containing special mineral water—and England's largest Nautilus gymnasium. These gyms started in America for workouts using machines and an exercise programme. The sound of merchant bankers working off executive lunches at Cannons is reminiscent of some noises at the London Dungeon. The brickwork has been cleaned and left exposed throughout, and curves over thick carpeting and polished games courts. The impression is functional, luxurious and exciting: what was once hidden away as engineering has become part of the design.

"We would never have had the chance of getting such space at such a price anywhere else near the City," said the manager of Cannon Sports Club, Gary Oliver. "In fact, the club stands on the site of a place once equally magnificent, the palace of the Roman Governor of Londinium. The palace and gardens vanished centuries ago but it's nice to think that our clients are enjoying a similar view of the Thames as their counterparts did 2,000 years ago."

Duffers, the snooker club and restaurant off Ludgate Circus, is a quieter place, though no less tastefully decorated. Red plush and Victorian prints surround 10 enormous antique billiard tables, and a false ceiling muffles much of the noise from trains plying between Blackfriars and Holborn—duff shots can be blamed on the vibrations.

The club was started two years ago by Robin Arbuthnot, who also owns the Ludgate Cellars pub near by, and the City Golf Club. It took 15 months to convert the premises. "Robin had had his eye on these arches for ages," says Guy Martin, Duffers's manager. "The work cost £350,000 and he did most of the panelling himself. We had a few problems with damp, but after we had sealed the worst spots it turned out to be ideal for this sort of place. The brick means it heats up quickly in winter, but stays cool in summer, and the shape gives it the feeling of a den, which our customers, being mostly men, seem to like. Also, it couldn't be better for Fleet Street. Journalists hate to walk more than 50 yards, which brings them exactly to our front door."

Genuine Victorian décor is best seen in the Players' Theatre underneath Hungerford Bridge by Charing Cross Station. It is the only theatre in London to specialize in traditional music-hall entertainment, and the only one where the bar is kept open throughout performances, so patrons may eat and drink at tables interspersed with red plush seats. The audi-



Manager Guy Martin, above, at Duffers snooker club near Blackfriars station—a false ceiling muffles the sound of trains. Gloom is an advantage at the London Dungeon, right, under London Bridge station. Attendant Francis Belacel and manager Nigel Chew are blasé about the horrific exhibits.

torium is, naturally, barrel-roofed, with excellent acoustics, and the ceiling is draped in jolly red and white swags.

The arches beneath Hungerford Bridge have been in use ever since it was built in 1862. For the first decade they housed the Hungerford Market; then, in the heyday of the music-hall era, they were turned into the Hungerford Theatre. A toast to Queen Victoria was drunk at the start of each performance, a tradition continued to this day, and the landlord would conduct the songs from his own table. In the 1890s the theatre was bought by the Gatti brothers, who owned several others in the West End, and operated successfully until the First World War. After being used successively as storehouse, boxing-booth and art cinema, it opened again as a theatre when the Players' Company had to move from its original home in Albemarle Street. The site has its disadvantages, according to the company's director, Dennis Martin. "We can't have any flies, because of the lack of height. Most theatres, if you look at them, are twice the height of the stage, so that the scenery can be pulled up above. We have to have ours all painted on canvas, so we can roll it up between scenes."

"Dossers aren't a great problem—they're completely harmless, poor things, though they may give one or



two theatre-goers a bit of a shock. But the rates and rent are high because these arches are in such demand. We really need twice as much space again to house our wardrobe, but it's too expensive."

The Players have ingeniously worked the sound of the night trains from London to Dover into their act. "As the rumble increases, the actors

roar out 'Sleepers awake!', which never fails to raise a laugh," said Mr Martin.

Although there are financial reasons why so many businesses underneath the arches are clubs, the shape and nature of the space undoubtedly suggest privacy and a degree of mystery. This is particularly attractive to the members of Heaven, a homosexual nightclub farther up Villiers Street.





The arches under Charing Cross station are the unlikely location for Heaven, a gay nightclub, above, where lighting creates dazzling effects. The arches near by have housed the Players' Theatre music-hall company since 1946. The cast takes a bow with chairman for the evening, Dominic LeFoe, centre.

The choice of name looks ironic, for Heaven is entered through a distinctly hellish-looking pair of shiny black doors. Inside, it is painted black throughout, for reasons more practical than sinister. "We didn't have any startling architecture to play around with, like the Camden Palace or the Hippodrome, to make this place exciting," said Bob Stewart, the nightclub's

manager. "So we thought we'd make the building itself disappear, so to speak, and make everyone concentrate on the lights and music instead."

Much expensive lighting equipment creates every effect from blue lightning to whirling multi-coloured specks of light. "It does make you feel completely dazed after a while, working here," Bob Stewart admitted. But the

location suits them very well, he said, being both central and secluded.

Across the river, beside the Festival Hall on the South Bank, the studio of Feliks Topolski presents a complete contrast. Painted white, with huge windows at either end, it overflows with large sheets of drawings and paintings. Mr Topolski works on the grand scale—witness his panoramas at

Buckingham Palace—and his studio and exhibition space barely contain the energy and proliferation of his creations. He has been in his studio since 1953, but the permanent exhibition, *Memoirs of the Century*, is housed in a site recently pressed on him by the GLC, along with what he calls a "rather pompous entrance" in red neon. It is a strange and dreamlike labyrinth of paintings worked up from sketches made around the world.

The rents of the arch sites vary according to the financial success of each occupant, and some have been refurbished with help from British Rail and urban renewal schemes. Once the initial shock of considering such odd sites for an office or business has been overcome, the advantages become evident, not least that many arches, having only one entrance, are virtually burglar-proof. No banks or building societies have yet approached British Rail—but it is surely only a matter of time before the places long associated with vice and vagrants house that most respectable object, the deposit box ●



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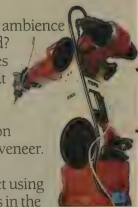
We could certainly cut leather hides with a water jet or by robot, but I doubt that we ever will. We prefer to use a sharp eye, a skilled hand and a keen blade.

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# WOMEN ENGINEERING CHANGE

by Allegra Taylor

In Britain, though not on the Continent, engineering has remained a Cinderella profession—undervalued, low in status and redolent of oily rags. There was no education for engineers in Britain until 1875. Brunel was educated in France, Telford had to learn Italian in order to read books on hydraulics, and British industry was extremely sluggish in employing graduate engineers.

Although Britain is short of at least 5,000 professional engineers, only a pitiful 2.5 per cent of the existing ones are women: much of the country's talent is going to waste. Some of the valiant few describe their experiences.

Photographs by Nancy Durrell McKenna



**BARONESS PLATT OF WRITTLE**

Baroness Platt, chairman of the Equal Opportunities Commission, who is an aeronautical engineer, worked with test pilots during the last war. "There was great surprise when I arrived."

tary work. My engineering wasn't entirely wasted because I became chairman of the education committee in Essex and very bound up with further education and technical education. Today I wouldn't recommend what I did to anyone. It's important not to lose highly trained women."

In May, 1983, after 25 years in local government, Lady Platt took over the chairmanship of the Equal Opportunities Commission with the pledged intent of demolishing the barriers that separate women from technological and scientific pursuits. Eight months later a programme called WISE 84 (Women Into Science and Engineering) was launched in a flurry of glossy brochures and videos showing smiling girls in tin helmets to counteract the hackneyed view that subjects related to the physical sciences are unfeminine.

"Perhaps in a decade's time we shall

know how fruitful it has been," she said. "Little girls of six who are given Lego sets today will be making their career choices then. What we do know is that schools and colleges have grasped it with enthusiasm, and perhaps most encouraging of all is the number of industrialists who have put out recruiting literature aimed specifically at girls—Plessey, Westlands, GEC, Thorn EMI, Ferranti, the BBC, Esso and many more."

As a member of the Engineering Council, Lady Platt is also greatly concerned with raising the general status of the engineering profession. "The young women will bring the image of the profession up because they are such a civilizing influence," she said. "They are at last beginning to realize that engineering is *not* cold, hard and mechanistic. It is about helping to make the world a better place to live in. A hundred years ago women would have been humping scuttles of coal, flaking bars of soap, scrubbing shirts and trimming lamp wicks. Now, largely thanks to the application of electricity by engineers, we've got everything from electric light to washing machines which have contributed to the emancipation of women almost as much as the vote. Kidney machines, artificial limbs, incubators, are just a few of the ways engineers have helped mankind."

**PROFESSOR DAPHNE JACKSON**

In 1971 Daphne Jackson, Professor of Physics and Dean of the Faculty of Science at the University of Surrey, became the first female professor of physics in the UK. She is still the only one. She has written many textbooks and papers on nuclear physics but is now working more in the field of medical physics and electrical engineering applied to imaging.

Both of her grandfathers, her father and her brother were in the mechanical engineering industry, though she was the first of her family to go to university. "I received tremendous encouragement and support from my parents in relation to my education," she recalled, "though they were anxious about the prospects for a woman in science. It was difficult getting started, but apart from having to work harder to establish the seriousness of my commitment I have never found it a disadvantage being a woman."

As President of the Women's Engineering Society (founded in 1919), Professor Jackson has tried to steer it into a more public, national and vocal role. She is dismayed that there are still so few women on the councils of the professional institutions, in senior positions in universities, or in management in industry.

"We are not a bunch of militant feminists but a sensible, level-headed organization concerned about education and informed about what's happening in industry. We span all the



**Daphne Jackson, the UK's only woman professor of physics and President of the Women's Engineering Society. "We are not a bunch of militant feminists."**

engineering disciplines and therefore have a broad view of the profession. So far the response from schools has been encouraging and from industry beyond expectation."

Professor Jackson feels strongly that women must overcome their hostility to technology and acquire at least a working knowledge of it in order to make informed decisions as voters and parents on such issues as drugs, pollution, nuclear power or animal rights.

"The most startling statistic I have come across recently is that the proportion of traditionally women's jobs in industry which have been lost in the last three or four years is substantially higher than the losses in traditionally men's jobs. Automation has done away with those rows and rows of women operatives, and electronic office equipment has reduced the need for clerical staff.

"We are concerned that girls, generally, have a scientific basis to their education, irrespective of whether they're going to join us in our profession, because they are going to be terribly handicapped if they don't."

**JOANNA KENNEDY**

It is the skill of the civil engineer that makes possible such feats of construction as San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge, the Autostrada del Sole, the Sydney Opera House. If they are useful, beautiful and practical, so is Joanna Kennedy herself, a senior engineer working with Ove Arup and Partners.

Her growing interest as a teenager in mathematics and physics, fortified by an open scholarship and an IBM sponsorship, took her to Oxford University, where she gained a First in engineering science and was awarded one of the Institution of Civil Engineers' undergraduate prizes.

"I have always had a logical mind and enjoyed tackling analytical prob-



lems, yet wanted to do something creative," she said. "Engineering seemed the best way of using both technical and creative skills to do something practical. Girls are attracted to civil engineering in spite of its masculine image because they like the idea of building beautiful things."

She has specialized in the design and construction of bridges and roads, notably\* the lovely light and airy Runnymede Bridge that carries the M25 over the Thames.

"That project took two years to construct and had to be built in two halves, one on each bank of the river. It was very exciting and quite nerve-wracking when the two halves were moved into position to be joined. The great test of my design was, would it nose-dive into the river?" It didn't, and indeed won a high commendation in the Concrete Society's Awards.

"People are surprised when they find out what I do for a living and ask if I go around in Wellies and a hard hat," she said. "The answer is I do when I'm on site—but that's not all there is to it. Recently I've become much more interested in the commercial and legal side, putting together contract documents, interpreting and applying agreements, settling claims and disputes. It's never been a disadvantage being a woman, in fact there are a lot of advantages. Women are quite good at calming troubled waters. Also people notice you and remember you and

that's good for business. I wouldn't want preferential treatment and I'm pleased that I've been accepted as a colleague and respected for what I have to contribute.

Last year the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry appointed me to join Baroness Platt and Detta O'Cathain, Director of the Milk Marketing Board, as a member of the 25-strong Engineering Council which was set up in 1981 in response to the report of the Finniston Inquiry. Its brief is to raise public awareness of engineering's role in society, to examine education and training, and to establish a register of engineers to set and maintain standards. A working party is looking into career breaks for women: how to come back after a pregnancy; how to integrate career and family commitments; and the problem of child-care facilities.

"As far as my own career is concerned," she said, "although I very much enjoy the legal aspect, I still like getting my boots muddy and being up the sharp end in the world of construction—actually getting things built. I'd hate to lose all that."

## LINDA MAYNARD

Linda Maynard, the only woman Chartered Gas Engineer working for North-West Gas, helped design the pressure-regulator stations which feed the region with natural gas. Now she is involved in a vast building and moder-



nization programme to provide working conditions conducive to greater comfort and efficiency. She defines the needs, then co-ordinates a team of architects, contractors and others responsible for the scheme. She also advises on such matters as air-conditioning, noise control and what to do if you hit an old buried gas main on your building site.

"People tend to think of engineering

**Linda Maynard, wife and mother, is the only woman engineer with North-West Gas. "Site meetings tend to go better when a woman is present."**

as a cold, hard subject—not caring about people," she said. "But that's not true. You are bringing your skills to making an environment for people to be happy in. It's quite a challenge to give it a human face, away



Joanna Kennedy, senior engineer with Ove Arup & Partners, designed Runnymede Bridge over the River Thames. "People ask if I go around in Wellies and a hard hat."



## WOMEN ENGINEERING CHANGE

from the remote image of machines and robots. Also you're working with other people all the time, it's not just you and an engine." She believes that a woman's touch is an asset. "Women tend not to be so confrontational," she said. "They get things done in a different way and civilize the atmosphere. There is less swearing and site meetings tend to go better when a woman is present. Men like showing courtesy to a woman. I have no desire to be one of the lads, I'm a woman and I'm proud of it."

She first became interested in engineering as a career on a school visit to the Plymouth Dockyard. "I thought it was terrific, they were building things, creating things. When I told the others I wanted to apply for an apprenticeship they laughed, 'But it's a man's job!' It's so easy to drift into traditional roles. My friends all wanted to be secretaries but I remember thinking, rather than typing someone else's letters I could be dictating my own."

Linda went to a comprehensive school and took mathematics, physics, geography and art. At the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology she chose the building course because it was a cross between architecture and civil engineering and suited her wide range of interests. She was one of two girls of the 70 on the undergraduate course and stayed on to do an MA, reasoning that the extra qualification would balance out the disadvantage of being a woman.

"I then applied for 80 jobs and got not one interview! It was terribly frustrating. Finally when I did get one they

asked me if I was going steady, would I be getting married, what did I feel about having children? It made me quite angry, I felt it was irrelevant and insulting. My second interview was here with North-West Gas and I've been here ever since.

"We in the advance guard have a big responsibility," she said. "The sooner they realize that the problems they envisaged don't exist, the sooner we can expect to see a snowball effect."

Linda—who becomes President of the Women's Engineering Society next year—is married to a fellow engineer. They have a baby son whom she breast-fed for the first three months and who is now looked after by a nursery nurse. "The logistical problems are no different from those of any other professional woman," she said. "You've just got to be well organized. He's a happy little soul and doesn't seem to mind who's entertaining him, but I do wish there was a crèche here. As he gets older the classic guilt gets worse. I just have to keep reminding myself that I'm not qualified in child care and he's probably better off in the capable hands of someone who is."

### OLIVIA WELLESLEY-COLE

Olivia Wellesley-Cole is an electronics engineer working for the Transmission Products Division of STC Telecommunications. She designs the logic circuits that go on micro-chip components—miraculous slivers of silicon the size of a little fingernail which form part of the complex electronic nervous system connecting up national and international telephone exchanges.

Her family comes from Sierra Leone

where both her father and her grandfather were engineers. She took her A levels in physics, mathematics and chemistry at a boys' school in Freetown where they made room for a few girls in the sixth form, then came to the UK where she gained a First in electronics at the University of Wales Institute of Science and Technology in Cardiff—the only woman on the course.

"In West Africa there is a strong tradition of independent women," she said. "Education is looked on as an investment, and working women are not an oddity. I never expected a man to keep me, I always wanted to stand on my own feet."

"I thought telecommunications would be a vital, interesting area to work in and one which would enable me some day to go back to Sierra Leone and help to build up the country. I now want to add to my existing skills and get a wider view of business in general."

Olivia met with the usual amused disbelief about her choice of career in the early stages. "The logic of maths and physics is so wonderfully satisfying," she said. "It always seems such a shame to me that they are perceived as unfeminine subjects and dropped by girls just as they start to get really fascinating. The trouble is, nobody actually knows what an engineer *does* unless you have one in the family. As children we all meet doctors and dentists, teachers and pilots, but not engineers. It's important not only to say what exactly we do but how it affects society. In what ways do dams or computers, satellites or fibre optics help people? Engineers are looking after the needs of the community."

Olivia was also appalled at the patronizing style of questioning from

interview boards—would she burst into tears if she was shouted at? How would she cope with bad language on the shop floor? Did she have a boyfriend?

"Rather than trying to get the best out of you they seemed to be trying to trip you up, or intimidate you," she recalled. "Perhaps it would help to have women on the interviewing boards. However, I've never had any problems with male colleagues although I do miss the company of other women, especially as I grow older. Becoming a member of the Women's Engineering Society has been a great joy in that respect and I've recently joined the committee to help with publicity and public relations."

"We are concerned to cure the misconceptions. The nuts and bolts image is a thing of the past. Most of my working life is spent at a drawing board, sitting in front of a computer or standing in the middle of a field with a telephone receiver pressed to my ear doing field tests. It's very thrilling when something you've designed actually works. That's a real high!"

"I've never regretted my decision to become an engineer—basically engineering is solving problems and each new one is an exciting challenge. The only time it becomes boring is when you've got a problem you can't solve!"

Olivia is married to a fellow electronics engineer but they have no children yet. "The big question is, at what stage can you afford to take time off and for how long?" she said.

### KAREN HAMID

Karen Hamid, aged 24, is a project engineer for a firm of instrument makers. She is part of a team who design and custom-build those great banks of computers that monitor and control industrial processes. Karen is unusual in having attained a high level of responsibility without a university degree. She was born in Trinidad and came to England as a child.

"I went to the local comprehensive, rough and rugged, where I was distinctly average," she says. "When it came to CSE choices I decided I wanted to do technical drawing, so I was called to see the headmistress. She said, 'That's not a girl's subject—besides the boys have already been doing it for a year,' (while I was doing cookery). But I persuaded her to let me try it. I didn't have the foggiest idea! I couldn't even work out how to tilt the drawing board—it was very embarrassing. Apart from jokes about my colour and being a girl, I was clueless as well and I took an awful lot of stick and aggravation from the boys, but I was determined to carry on."

"After the first lesson the teacher asked me to stay behind, 'Karen you're not here just to chase the boys are you?' he said. That really made me mad. 'Come off it!' I answered furiously, 'I want to learn.' After that he was wonderfully helpful and set me special



Olivia Wellesley-Cole is an electrical engineer with STC Telecommunications. "I do miss the company of other women."





**Karen Hamid, a project engineer working on computers. "I took an awful lot of aggravation from the boys."**

assignments for weekends.

"I got a lot of encouragement from home too. My dad bought me a drawing board, set squares, T-squares, French curves and so on, and I absolutely loved it.

"I was also the only girl among 40 boys in the physics class. I never could understand why there weren't more girls—that always puzzled me. They didn't seem to *want* to understand the basic concepts in physics. Girls at my school had the intelligence, the know-how, the opportunity to aim for really interesting careers but instead they'd think of working for a couple of years, then getting married, buying a house, being a mum. Such a lot of wasted talent."

By the time she got to the fifth year Karen had caught up. She came second in technical drawing and did well in mathematics and physics. She got no encouragement from the school's careers officer who trundled out banking and secretarial work but her father arranged for her to visit the careers adviser at the Civic Centre who suggested the OND (Ordinary National Diploma) in technology.

"I thoroughly recommend it to anyone," Karen said, "because it is so practically based and so generalized in its fields of engineering. Once again I was the only girl and had to spend a couple of days making the effort to talk to people because no one would talk to me. Once I broke the ice and took the initial step they were very friendly and welcoming and treated me like a sister.

"At college I learned metal-work, how to weld, how to use a lathe. I got really filthy, greasy and smelly and thoroughly enjoyed it! That early practical training made me much more confident and competent. I don't need to be propped up by a man."

She applied to Taylor Instruments who offered sponsorship while she took the Higher National Diploma sandwich course—six months' study, six months' work, learning the basic principles of pneumatics, electrical assembly, electrical testing, building

computers, panel draughting, installation and commissioning.

"I got a good idea how each department functioned, where to go to get each thing done and how long things take. Qualifications on paper give you the start but after that you work your way up depending on how good you are, how quickly you think, how you approach technical problems and how you talk to people. You build on that. It's satisfying work and I intend to aim high—the sky's the limit. I'd like to be managing director one day."

## JANE DEAKIN

Jane Deakin is still a student but exemplifies the new generation of woman engineers: confident, feminine, dynamic and ambitious. For her not even the sky is the limit, since her dream is to be the first British woman in space. She was part of a small intake of girls at a boys' grammar school, into whose cadet force she threw herself

with gusto, becoming at 16 a staff sergeant in sole charge of maintaining a 25 pounder gun. By 17 she was servicing her own and her father's car and decided she wanted to join the RAF.

"I was very disappointed by their response," she says. "They didn't really want women or offer the same range of opportunities as for men."

Jane heard about industrial sponsorship at a careers lecture, applied, and received three offers on the basis of her O level results. She accepted the one from British Aerospace, then she won the Caroline Haslett Memorial Trust Scholarship and decided to enrol for the Mechanical/Aero/Production Engineering degree course at Kingston Polytechnic, working at British Aerospace in the summer holidays and for the sandwich year.

"My friends all went into arts or medicine. They thought I was totally crazy to want to do something 'mucky'. But of course it isn't mucky at all. People confuse engineering with being a mechanic and think I just tinker with old aircraft engines in a hangar somewhere.

"Even though I was always attracted to engineering I really had no idea what it involved and was surprised to find out that a lot of it is design, which I love. I don't have to choose my area of specialization until the final year but I certainly want to work in the aerospace industry, especially satellites—I feel it is the up-and-coming branch. This summer I've been working on the satellite that's going to meet Halley's Comet. Everyone on the project was dedicated and enthusiastic and everything I did seemed to have a purpose.

"I'm also very interested in the European Space Agency with its opportunities for working abroad on

satellite development programmes and its connexions with NASA in the States."

NASA is Jane's Mecca and she reasons that since the first woman in space was a Russian engineer she, too, will have all the right qualifications when the time comes. Meanwhile she parachutes, glides, trampolines, runs, skis, and copes with the everyday chauvinism of the shop floor.

"The intimidation from the blokes is really dreadful," she says. "On my first week at British Aerospace they would all stop working the moment I walked in. If a noisy factory suddenly goes quiet you can imagine how embarrassing it is. Then they'd start cat-calling and whistling. At first I was flattered and laughed but it gets annoying when it happens every day. It's no use becoming aggressive or trying to put your foot down because that only makes them worse. Eventually it does wear off if you don't let it upset you and if you keep your sense of humour.


"The trouble is, if you're a woman they don't believe you know what you're talking about, no matter how many letters you've got after your name. You've got to prove yourself before they will accept you—but in my limited experience I think the women I've met have been far more enthusiastic, more imaginative, and generally better educated than their male counterparts."

Jane, in common with all the other women I spoke to, didn't think much of positive-discrimination schemes—or affirmative action, as it is called in America. "Surely a firm has got to be free to choose the best engineers available," she said. "I'd hate to be taken on as a concession or part of a quota. I want to be judged on my merits." ●



**Jane Deakin, an engineering student, has been working at British Aerospace. "I'd hate to be taken on as a concession."**



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# GEORDIES TAKE THE STRAIN

by Jane Whittle

Some remember the days of clogs and pawnshops. Others drink to escape the present, as the dole forces social changes. Yet shafts of hope pierce the gloom of Tyneside's industrial decay. Photographs by Brian Harris

The sun was setting over the River Tyne as I drove along the Great North Road into Gateshead. Long ago Roman legions had marched this way, between the hills. The city of Newcastle sprawled ahead into the distance. Warehouses and Victorian terraces, tower blocks and pylons, motorways and bridges hovered below in a bluish haze.

This steep valley gives Tyneside an extra dimension that accentuates its contrasts. Views change dramatically depending upon where you are. From the quayside I looked up to soaring bridges, peered up narrow stone steps at tall buildings sprouting buddleia or streaked with ancient soot; in the modern civic centre I wandered among trees and statues, watching reflections of glass, steel and new-cut stone shimmer in the fish ponds, looked up and

**"Every other house is boarded up, and four out of five men are out of work."**

saw a golden trident guarded by sea-horses shining in the midday sun. From the back lanes of Victorian Gateshead, past the rebuilt factories of the Team Valley, I saw the Dunston Rocket tower rising defiantly from drab concrete flats.

I drove over the river on the new Redheugh Bridge along motorways high above the city centre. In a few minutes I was in Byker among the colourful dwellings of an award-winning housing estate, where old ladies sit in their front gardens remembering "the good old days" of the "thunderbox" in the backyard and the pawnshop down the road. Beyond the idle cranes of Wallsend shipyards I could see places on the other side of the river where every other house is boarded up, and four out of five men are out of work.

From the time of the Industrial Rev-

olution until the end of the First World War Tyneside was the home of great inventions—Stevenson's railways, Parsons's steam turbine, Swan, Hunter's *Mauretania*, Armstrong's hydraulic crane, the first battleships, the best gun barrels. From an area rich in natural resources, by their own toil and talent Geordies led the world.

Unfortunately the diversification, re-investment and innovation necessary to keep pace with foreign competition never took place. While the North-East earned a large part of the wealth of the nation, that wealth did not stay in the region.

For generations mining, shipbuilding and heavy engineering employed large numbers of manual workers with special skills. But these indigenous industries, on which the area depended so much, continued to decline. For a while North Sea oil brought some growth and prosperity. In the 1960s T. Dan Smith, the notorious leader of Newcastle City Council, dreamt, and saw the beginning, of a new city, "a Venice of the North-East with motorways instead of canals", with soaring towers, clean streets, green parks and spacious schools where, at last, every child would get a chance, perhaps, to change things. But, sadly, when England sneezes the North-East catches pneumonia, and all too soon inflation and recession overwhelmed the area once again.

Now a second industrial revolution is taking place. On Tyneside paternalism has shifted from the local lords of the past to foreign firms, but unemployment is still increasing and Osaka and Ohio are a long way from Northumbria.

My first impressions were of vigour and friendliness. In Saltwell park everyone was out enjoying the fine weather. "I don't think it's as bad up here as they think down south. What's wrong with all this?" an old man asked, referring to the cheerful scene. However, the longer I stayed the gloomier



the prospect seemed to be, although it was not reflected on people's faces.

Geordies are essentially optimistic and slow to change but their outlook is tinged by pessimism that comes from experience. People who remember the hardships of the past voice their disappointment because they did work hard for a better future for their children. Mrs Evelyn Henry, a Gateshead district councillor, said defensively, "We are not depressed, we're used to it. But why cap the rates just when we need them most?"

One evening I met two members of a lively youth forum, Mike Tummily and his friend Steve. "You see, the North-East is a satellite area," Steve told me

"For instance, companies like Dunlop have their main factories in Birmingham, or some prosperous place, and a branch factory is set up here with grants and inducements. As soon as things get hard they close this one. For them it's completely different down south—better communications, better environment, better working conditions, more money, a better life." I asked him if he would consider moving to find work and he replied, "Oh, no, never! I love the North-East, I'm settled here. The pleasures of home life get you; the place and the people are magic; just magic." Mike nodded and grinned. "Up here every time you go out you meet a friend. I might move

away to better myself," he admitted, "but I'd always come back."

The victims of industrial change, the unemployed, are more concentrated among the lower paid in the North-East than anywhere else in England. In some places the figure is around 20 per cent. "You feel as though you're part of something, then all of a sudden it's gone and you've nothing to get up in the morning for," explained a young man who had been out of work for over two years. "When you're with your family all the time it's great at first, but soon you can't afford to go anywhere and you have less and less to talk about."

An older man who had taken volun-

tary redundancy after a very hard working life saw it differently. "I can't imagine any man wanting to go to work," he said, "I have time to do all the things I've always wanted to do now and I don't have to get up at six o'clock of a winter's morning any more." His father had been an unpaid apprentice on a farm and sometimes went hungry. "For all the hams hanging in the chimney it was only porridge for those lads." In his own youth, 20 years ago, he said "apprentices got a pittance. In order to secure a decent future I served five years on low wages while my friends did labouring and were paid well. But in a very short time it was all a waste. It has got really bad

in the last five years. There are no apprenticeships now. They just take lads on half pay with no proper training and push 'em out a year later. Tossed from pillar to post on useless schemes—God knows what their philosophy of life will be." His son lying on the grass near by, shouted: "They get drunk more often!" and laughed. "He has a good job," his father explained, "he works on contract building abroad. He hates work but he likes the money. He's got computers, colour telly and video games. He has a great time but he doesn't save. Meanwhile most of his mates from school five years ago never got a job."

George Liddle, a redundant steel

The shipyards at Wallsend, east of Newcastle. Most are now disused and many houses are boarded up.

and shipyard worker I met in Sunderland, put it very clearly. "The situation I'm in now is one of despair over work. No one seems to care about the North." In 1976 the steelworks closed so he moved to a shipyard. Like many others at that time he did adapt and change his trade. The yard had just opened: "We had the best of management, everything ran on wheels. Everybody was employed to do a job, you had pride in yourself, you were competent and you had the best supervision. In the dock area we

→



## GEORDIES TAKE THE STRAIN

had one supervisor and two foremen. When I had to leave six years later we had four managers in that area, five supervisors and 12 foremen. It's this authoritarian thing coming down on you as if you're not competent to run your own life. I'm very cynical now, I've seen the sharp end. Our social-security system is not equipped for these numbers. What really upsets me about the dole is the way it turns you into a non-person. I was never one for discovering some new river up the Amazon, I was content with day-to-day life, the majority were. But now all choice has been taken away. I don't know where we go from here."

This family was better off than many because they did not smoke, drink or run a car, they had paid for all their furniture and the television. Their teenage children were expecting to go to college. Mrs Liddle added that now, although they always had to "rob Peter to pay Paul", at least they knew where they were. They were no longer under constant threat of redundancy—they were redundant. She believed in "a family that eats together, talks together and sticks together". Their only social life was going to church.

In spite of the decline of older industries and massive inducements to the new ones, technological change is slow in coming to the North-East. Tremendous efforts are being made to encourage local initiative and to provide financial help and sound advice to small businesses and new ventures. But it is not easy to run a successful business in an area where most people are poor. Half the population lives in council houses, there are fewer cars and telephones, and fewer children going on to further education than in any other region of England.

In a Sunderland pub a retired tool-maker gave his view of the changing times. "The micro-chip hasn't affected us directly yet, it's the lack of heavy industry. I'm a precision engineer so I've seen factories lose skills, and new techniques creep in until most of the trades up here are dead. But what is British industry doing about it? We are being taken over by the Japs. My nephew is head of a computer-research team so he goes all over the world. But his wife left him," he added, shaking his head. Everything is seen in human terms here.

"Our factory was sold to an American company," one woman, Mrs Plews, told me. "It cost them £6 million but they got a grant of £6 million from the Government to modernize it. Then they made 110 people redundant. I was lucky, but now I work three times as hard for £40 less doing the same thing, and I've never seen such shoddy goods as we're producing. Things are so bad I'd gladly share my job with someone."

Mrs Plews's mother, who brought up six children during the Depression, said, "I've never known anything like



this. I can't understand it. They pull down factories and build new ones but they're still empty. I retired early so my husband could have my job. Wages kept going up. Perhaps they all priced themselves out of work."

The Manpower Services Commission was set up by a Labour government in 1974 to combat unemployment. Since then it has gradually changed its emphasis from job creation to training and now pays salaries to organizations which provide useful occupations for unemployed volunteers.

**"Your home becomes  
important when you're on  
the dole because  
it's all you have."**

Ann and Ian Parker may not be typical but they do reflect a positive trend. They live in a council house in one of the "problem areas". "You can tell by the dog-walking patterns how many people are out of work on our street," Ian told me. "It's almost all of them." After nine years without a regular job he now has an MSC salary and grant aid for his own successful venture—Artcare. In one year he has, with 30 or so volunteers, established a popular puppet theatre, painted murals and refurbished old furniture and toys for playgroups, and run street events and picnics for local families.

Ann explained what a difference all this had made to their lives: "Now we're doing Artcare everything is different. Before, we were always thinking how we could scrape money together for something. Your home becomes important when you're on the dole because it's all you have." Ian agreed. "It's what we're doing that's important, not the money—in fact we have less to spend. It's ideas and people, not

things. The future has possibilities in it now, it's great. We could be on the dole again next year if we don't get another grant, but we've more confidence. We know how to do things and we've met people who can help us. Most people don't know how to start."

Twenty years ago the faces of cities were changing rapidly for what most people thought was the better. The Tyne and Wear Metropolitan Borough is justly proud of its innovation and expertise. Standards of housing have leapt; go to Byker to see what can be done when human values and imaginative planning go hand in hand. Before the development more than three-quarters of the houses had no inside lavatories. Where else is domestic rubbish being turned into fuel pellets for public central heating?

In Byker I talked to Rose Elliot, who is in her 80s, and her friends. Over a cup of tea Rose remembered the old days. "There were 16 of us and I'm the only one now. I've seen lots of changes. But I think the old Byker people were more homely. My mother always knew what was coming so she put a bit away, nothing was wasted. We had good food, all cooked over the fire. Monday was hard, washing and baking, but we were happy. They say we ran barefoot and the streets were filthy. How dare they! I never saw a child barefoot. We wore clogs and the steps were all scrubbed before 8.30 in the morning. I liked the back yards, they were private, see? We each had a big key. Now there's no privacy and the food tastes of chemicals. Our mother was always in charge at home. She locked the door at 10.30 at night and kept the key under her pillow. That's the way to bring up the bairns. These flowers are lovely, of course, but gardens don't feed you, do they?"

For Florrie, who is younger, it was not so good. "It was terrible, love. Nobody had nothing. If you had a

**The Swedish-designed estate at Byker contrasts brightly with the more common tower blocks and back-to-back houses.**

couple of towels you'd go to the pawn shop with one of them and then you'd share the money to get through the week. Nobody would do that now, they're ashamed to be seen there. We had to help each other. I had six bairns and I worked long shifts all through the last war in the shipyards—from 7.30 in the morning until 8 at night, and paid for a babyminder. My husband spent most of his time in the pub. When he had money I never got it. I stuck it for 30 years, then I left, but I loved my home and children, you see."

Doreen, who cleans at the YMCA, took me to visit a widowed friend in one of the estates where unemployment is rife. There was an air of general dereliction—broken windows, overgrown gardens, doors missing and floorboards split. "It's the kids, you know. They break the place up, they have nothing to do but kick around," Doreen explained. But families were out enjoying the sun, lying on the parched grass with dogs, babies, bicycles and beer cans.

"My daughter started living with a fella when she was 15," Doreen shouted above the loud pop music. "They all do. She had a lovely bairn." Every baby is a new hope for a better future, another chance. "But me man's a drinker," she went on. "He wouldn't have her in the house, he threw her out. Then me son. He's a drinker, too. I threw him out. You can't have two in the one house." The North-East population has always consumed a higher-than-average quantity of beer. Doreen was rationing both her drinkers because she used her earnings to bargain with them, once the child's money was safe in the carefully hidden tin. "What are you going to get by drinking?", she asked her husband,





Newcastle's small, central shopping precinct, Queens Square, above left, and the construction at Wallsend of the HMS Coventry, left, (replacing the one sunk in the Falklands War), strike an optimistic note, but in some Newcastle suburbs and in pit villages like Easington Colliery, above, unemployment is high and children like this little boy, above right, face an uncertain future.

the most. It's terrible!"

Lyn Plews is 18, she has been out of work for over a year, and lives with her family in a cosy Victorian terrace house surrounded by wasteland. The few shops remaining near by sell second-hand fishing rods, chipped china and old clothes, so her family travels 4 miles on the bus to buy food on Saturdays. Over the river you can see the new building for the Vickers armaments factory, said to be the biggest covered space in Europe. Lyn wishes she had taken more O levels. "I was getting older and I hated school. I wanted a job, but there weren't any jobs, so I got fed up. I lost interest in everything. I wrote 60 applications and got only 10 replies." But at last she was

**"In the clubs there are carpets instead of sawdust and elaborate powder rooms for the ladies."**

offered a post on a local community scheme run by Social Arts, a Newcastle action group. "That scheme was great. Everything I've ever done since school was part of it—photography, posters, leaflets, filing systems, conferences with people from outside about housing and things—it was really interesting. But now it's over there's nothing again. Nobody looks at you when you are on the dole."

Gateshead, with imaginative deter-

mination, has turned itself into an international centre for sport. The Great North Run, which set the trend for marathon running all over the country, was inspired by Brendan Foster and first took place in 1981 with 12,000 entries. In June, 1984, 25,000 people pounded along the hard, hot pavements of Tyneside to raise thousands of pounds for charity and to share a euphoric sense of achievement with crowds of spectators.

Although the morning streets are emptier than they were 20 years ago because the unemployed do not get up early, by midday runners are appearing round every corner. At Gateshead's Leisure Centre, recently built with grant aid from the Inner City Partnership, I was told that in the last two years exercise such as aerobics has become popular with women.

In the clubs there are carpets instead of sawdust and elaborate powder rooms for the ladies (although some Catholic ones exclude women). Dancing and singing are still as popular as ever, but on Sundays at lunchtime even married women, with their husbands' approval, strip to stretch the weekly budget. Leisure may be the only growth industry but times are really changing now that female factory workers demand male strippers.

And where the Romans marched along the ridge before descending to cross the Tyne, girls and boys stroll in groups between the pub and disco, enjoying a warm summer evening, just as they did beside the river in the old song:

"There were lots o' lads and lassies there, all with smilin' faces  
Gannen along the Scotswood Road to see the Blaydon races."

For as J. B. Priestley said, "There is, you see, something bracing about the Tyne. After you have seen it you realize that it is not for the likes of us to be sorry for ourselves." ●

Mickey. "I'm enjoying meself," was his reply. He has arthritis in both hands and can no longer work. "I never missed a day in 22 years. I could still work if I forced myself but both my parents died of overwork in their 50s and I want a little fun before I go."

In the past the roles of men and women were strictly defined: there was men's work and women's work. All this is having to change, since the number of women at work has doubled in the last 20 years and now in many families the father is on the dole and the mother has a job. For a Geordie, particularly, this fundamental adjustment is very hard to make.

Steve's mother still lays out starched shirts for three men and cooks three separate meals each evening because they all work different shifts. They go out afterwards, without her. Steve was joking when he said, "She knows her place, you see!" His father would have meant it. Mike Tumulty's father is shocked when his son's girlfriend buys a round of drinks at the club. Not so long ago women were allowed in only to serve behind the bar. Mike expects her to buy him a drink because she

earns as much as he does.

Ann Parker says, "Having babies is a kind of security if you can't work. Nowadays a girl can pick and choose, like my sister. She wanted a baby but there was no way she wanted to live with a man. When a woman's on her own with her kids she can do as she likes, but as soon as there's a man around, well, I mean the women's ideas are changing and the men's are not. It's a problem. So you have to start with the next generation don't you?" Ian and Ann have three boys. "It's the way you bring them up," Ann says. "My seven-year-old irons his own shirts."

As in most places fewer young people are getting married. The number of one-parent families and divorces has doubled since the 1960s. Mike Tumulty said, "It's nothing to me, settling down to have two and a half kids. No way. I've got big ideas. They tell me I'll change when I find out I can't do all the things I want to do, but I'm determined. I shock my parents when I talk like that. Their main achievement was to pay off the mortgage, bring up the family and have a good time, see who can drink



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PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION IN LES DEUX ALPES, FRANCE, BY ERIC BROWN.

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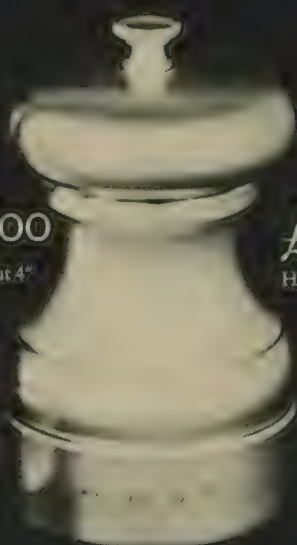
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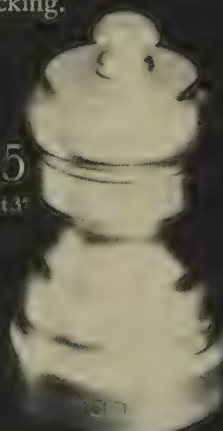
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# THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTINGS

Which are the world's greatest paintings? There can be no definitive answer, and almost certainly no list on which any substantial number of people in the art world are likely to agree. Nonetheless the *ILN* has posed the question, and with the help of the National Art-Collections Fund we have asked more than 100 artists, art historians, museum and gallery directors, collectors, critics and other informed enthusiasts to list six paintings which they believe justify the description "great".

They were unanimous in declaring the task to be extraordinarily difficult. Some said it was impossible, a few thought it was a meaningless exercise, several begged to be allowed to name their *favourites*, one compared it to being asked to choose records for *Desert Island Discs*, and one even feared that it might drive him to

suicide (and wished we had instead asked for a list of artists he abominated). But 44 courageous souls answered the challenge, selecting between them more than 150 paintings by a total of 82 artists. In this first report on their findings our art critic, Edward Lucie-Smith, examines some individual choices and the changes in taste they reflect. A second article, to be published next month, will report on the artists whose works have attracted the most votes, and the final article will feature the paintings that have emerged at the top of the list.

Readers who wish to make their own choice of the world's greatest paintings are invited to do so by filling in the coupon on page 54. If your choice coincides with the majority vote of our contributors you may win a painting.

In spite of the grumbles from the contributors a fascinating pattern has emerged. The results show that tastes in painting have changed, in some ways dramatically. Some of the tendencies revealed by the pattern of voting are unexpected, and may surprise even the panellists, though some it was possible to guess. It will not, for example, come as a great shock to most of today's art-lovers to hear that the *Mona Lisa*, once unquestionably the most famous painting in the world, garnered only two votes. Her supporters were Philippe de Montebello, director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and the dealer Daniel Wildenstein. There was one vote for Leonardo's *Virgin and Child with St Anne*, also in the Louvre, and one for his *Lady with an Ermine*.

Raphael did better than Leonardo—he is beginning to recover from the disavowal into which he fell earlier this century. There were two nominations for his *School of Athens* in the Vatican: one (from Sir Ellis Waterhouse) for the *Galatea* in the Farnesina, Rome; one for the enchanting little *St George and the Dragon* in Washington—Lord Croft, who chose it, called the painting "a perfectly realized image of this chivalrous theme". There was also one vote for the *Sistine Madonna* in Dresden, which 18th-century critics rated the finest painting in the world.

It came as no surprise to find that today Michelangelo is the most respected of the three great High Renaissance masters. One expert nominated the whole of the Sistine Chapel. There were further nominations—for the Sistine ceiling alone, and for just one episode from it: *The Creation of Adam*. Sir Geoffrey Agnew made special mention of the eloquence of the two almost-touching hands, Adam's and the Creator's. Two artists, R. B. Kitaj and Victor Pasmore, plumped for the tremendous *Last Judgment* on the end wall of the chapel: Kitaj described the fresco as a work "beyond any other".

Yet Michelangelo did not attract as much support as might have been expected. There were more votes for artists of other epochs.

Another artist who did not do as well as one might have guessed is El Greco, who in the earlier years of the 20th century was elevated to the role of honorary modernist, a precursor of Cézanne on the one hand and Van Gogh on the other, and thus the godparent of the Modern Movement as a whole. Only three works by him were mentioned. One was the *View of Toledo* in the Metropolitan Museum, cited by R. B. Kitaj. Another was *The Baptism of Christ*, cited by Lady Douro. The third was *The Burial of the Count of Orgaz* in Toledo. This was mentioned four times—one nomination came from the art critic of the *Financial Times*, William Packer.

*The Burial of the Count of Orgaz*, serious and tragic, was outstripped by another work with a slightly similar flavour. This is Grünewald's *Isenheim Altarpiece* in Colmar, which got four votes. The painter Tom Phillips wrote

of it as "the greatest feat of sustained intensity of vision in painting; the pictorial equivalent of a Bach Passion, and the most expressive of all Crucifixions". I have a slight suspicion that Grünewald may have benefited a little from being, to all intents, a one-painting artist—painters like Titian and Rembrandt, with a considerable body of work to choose from, created a certain amount of indecision among our panellists. One Titian, no less tragic and savage in its way than Grünewald's *Crucifixion*, attracted three votes. This was the late *Flaying of Marsyas* from the Kroměříž Palace in Czechoslovakia. The painting remained almost unknown to the public until the Royal Academy's "Genius of Venice" exhibition in 1983 to 84, and the votes it attracted demonstrate the way in which the artistic climate can be changed by the sudden public emergence of a masterpiece. Significantly, it was chosen by two practising painters, R. B. Kitaj and Tom Phillips.

The choice of *The Burial of the*

*Count of Orgaz*, the *Isenheim Altarpiece* and *The Flaying of Marsyas* was also significant in another respect. Our panellists were not afraid of paintings with tragic overtones. The great themes of Christian art appear again and again in the lists submitted. Terence Mullaly, critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, put Titian's *Pietà* in the Accademia, Venice, at the head of his group of six, calling it "the most moving of all expressions of the agony of the Passion of Christ, and of human response to the ultimate tragedy of death". There were nominations for Piero della Francesca's *Baptism*, *Flagellation* and *Resurrection*, the last described by Dennis Farr, director of the Courtauld Institute Galleries, as a "hypnotic image". Concerning Piero's *Baptism* in the National Gallery, George Melly wrote: "It is the perfect painting, both formally and emotionally. I don't personally subscribe to Christianity but am moved by the humanity of this great work—its cool exactitude balanced by its tenderness." Sir Harold Acton agreed with him, using different phrases. Also chosen was Rubens's heroic *Descent from the Cross* in Antwerp. Victor Pasmore listed the looming Byzantine mosaic of *Christ Pantocrator* in the cathedral at Monreale in Sicily, and Denys Sutton, editor of *Apollo*, was one of those who chose Giotto's fresco of *The Lamentation* in the Scrovegni Chapel in Padua. One fascinatingly unexpected choice came from Thomas H. Messer, director of the Guggenheim Museum in New York. His first pick was James Ensor's enormous painting of *The Entrance of Christ into Brussels*, which relates the Christian myth directly to the lives we live in the modern world. Ensor was fascinated by masks, and here he uses carnival figures as an image of hypocrisy.

Another strongly "political" picture was chosen by Professor Michael Jaffé, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum. He picked Jacques-Louis David's *Death of Marat*, now in ➤➤

## THE CONTRIBUTORS

Sir Harold Acton  
Sir Geoffrey Agnew  
Walter H. Annenberg  
John Ashbery  
Alasdair Auld  
J. Carter Brown  
César  
Adrienne Corri  
Lord Croft  
Philippe de Montebello  
Marchioness of Douro  
Dr Mark Evans  
Dr Dennis Farr  
Sir Brinsley Ford  
Sir Ernst Gombrich  
Lord Gowrie  
Professor Francis Haskell  
Dr John Hayes  
Patrick Heron  
Howard Hodgkin  
Tom Hoving  
Professor Michael Jaffé

R. B. Kitaj  
Professor Peter Lasko  
Neil MacGregor  
George Melly  
Thomas Messer  
E. S. Morris  
Terence Mullaly  
William Packer  
Victor Pasmore  
Tom Phillips  
Dr Edmund Pillsbury  
Sir David Piper  
Homan Potterton  
Philip Pouncey  
John Russell  
Norman St John-Stevas MP  
William Scott  
Professor Erich Steingraber  
Sir Roy Strong  
Denys Sutton  
Sir Ellis Waterhouse  
Daniel Wildenstein



Brussels. One other David was chosen: the icy classical *Death of Socrates* in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Ingres also received two nominations. There was one vote for *Madame Mollo* in the National Gallery, and one vote for *La Baigneuse de Vaulignon* in the Louvre.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of the poll is the weak showing made by the masters of the Impressionist Movement. Manet secured just two votes—for the *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*. One came from Neil MacGregor, editor of *The Burlington Magazine*, the other from Dennis Farr, and the picture hangs in his own gallery. There were no nominations for *Olympia* or the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*. The painter Howard Hodgkin chose a Renoir, the *Bathers* in Philadelphia, which is the culmination of Renoir's attempt to imitate Ingres, and by no means typical of his work taken as a whole. There was a vote for an 1874 Monet of the Seine in a private collection, and one for Sisley's *Un vergier au printemps* in the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam. Daniel Wildenstein opted for Monet's great series of *Waterlilies* in the Orangerie in Paris, in which the painter went a long way beyond his Impressionist beginnings. There was no vote for Degas and none for Pissarro. The Impressionist who seems to appeal most strongly to our jurors is Seurat, who returned to the traditions of French classicism. There were two votes for *Un Dimanche d'été à La Grande-Jatte* in Chicago, and two for *Une Baignade* in London. Victor Pasmore described the *Baignade* as "the greatest painting of the Italian Renaissance re-created in the 19th century in terms of Impressionism and social democracy". Patrick Heron gave the only vote ➡➡



**Guernica, 1937, by Picasso.** This painting was inspired by the artist's anger at the bombing of the Basque town of Guernica by pro-Franco forces during the Spanish Civil War. For many years it hung in the Museum of Modern Art in New York but in September, 1981, it was moved to the Prado Museum in Madrid. Picasso's family had requested that it should be given to Spain when the country returned to democracy. Those who voted for *Guernica* included Victor Pasmore, who described it as "the masterpiece of Renaissance art recreated in terms of modern painting". Terence Malley called it "the most forceful of all expressions of man's inhumanity to man", and César said, "Everything has been said about this. For me it is the sum of all the messages in Picasso's exceptional work."



**Queen Victoria and Prince Albert seated with their children, 1846, by Winterhalter.** From the royal collection at St James's Palace. Of this work by the German portrait painter famous for his pictures of European royalty, Human Potterton said, "It is a tremendous composition, a good likeness, has a great deal of charm and is a very beautiful picture."

**R. B. KITAJ'S CHOICE**

- 1 Michelangelo: *The Last Judgment*. "Preposterous first choice, beyond any other."
- 2 Titian: *The Playing of Marysas*. "Best easel painting I ever saw?"
- 3 Giorgione: *The Tempest*. "Most beautiful mystery-picture."
- 4 Rembrandt: *The Polish Rider*. "My favourite Rembrandt?"
- 5 El Greco: *View of Toledo*. "I agree with Jimmy Carter."
- 6 Cézanne: *Bather*. "My favourite Cézanne, my favourite painter."

**PHILIPPE DE MONTEBELLO**

- 1 Velazquez: *Portrait of Pope Innocent X*.
- 2 Van der Goes: *Portinari Altarpiece*.
- 3 Poussin: *Inspiration of the Poet*.
- 4 Watteau: *L'Enseigne de Gersaint*.
- 5 De Messina: *The Crucifixion*.
- 6 Da Vinci: *Mona Lisa*.

**VICTOR PASMORE**

- 1 Byzantine: *Christ Pantocrator*. "The conquest of architecture by painting."
- 2 Ma Yuan: *A Poet looking at the Moon*. "A supreme lyrical symbol of religious Nature."
- 3 Michelangelo: *The Last Judgment*. "The conquest of architecture by painting and a supreme example of individual independence."
- 4 Rembrandt: *Bathsheba at her toilet*. "A supreme synthesis of classical and romantic art."
- 5 Seurat: *Une Baignade*. "The greatest painting of the Italian Renaissance recreated in the 19th century in terms of Impressionism and social democracy."
- 6 Picasso: *Guernica*. "The masterpieces of Renaissance art recreated in terms of the modern revolution in painting."



**The Burial of the Count of Orgaz, 1586-1588 by El Greco.** Depicting the legend of St Stephen and St Augustine assisting at the Count's burial, this enormous canvas hangs in the Church of Santo Tomé, Toledo. It was the choice of William Packer, who said, "I had not expected to be quite so moved as I was by this painting, though I had expected to be impressed. It is at once calm and still and wonderfully dynamic, a great machine and the tenderness of images."



for a Constable. He chose the Tate Gallery's *The Mill Stream*, which he described as forerunner of the greatest French paintings of the second half of the 19th century.

Among the Post-Impressionists Cézanne won the greatest number of votes, but not perhaps as many as one might have expected. His *Lac d'Annecy* in the Courtauld Institute Galleries attracted two votes. One of them was from Sir Ernst Gombrich, who was also the only person to vote for a Chardin, the entrancing *Vase of Flowers* in the National Gallery, Edinburgh—"pure painting", like the Cézanne landscape. There was a vote for Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* from William Scott—"seen immediately as great" he commented. Lord Croft opted for a recent revelation—the same artist's *Landscape with the Sun Rising*, from the Florence H. Gould Collection. There is only one Gauguin in our list. This is *Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?* in the Boston Museum, the masterpiece of his time in the South Seas, chosen by Thomas H. Messer, Director of the Guggenheim Museum in New York, who restricted himself to modern works.

Inevitably, it is Picasso who carries off the honours among the moderns. There was one vote for *The Painter and his Model*, three votes for *Les Femmes d'Alger* and four for

## LORD GOWRIE

1 Giotto: *The Betrayal of Jesus* by Judas. "I have stuck, somewhat reluctantly, to the Western tradition and to works I have actually seen. This painting asks for a strong emotional return from the viewer and is formally designed to produce it. From now on this will be the touchstone of Western art."

2 Piero della Francesca: *The Resurrection*. "With Caravaggio's *The Supper at Emmaus* the greatest representation of the Saviour."

3 Titian: *The Rape of Europa*. "Source of the Baroque, a favourite style, as it is about extending human beings. Also a personal favourite; I visited it regularly for five years. Europe should be more like this."

4 Rubens: *The Rainbow Landscape*. "I believe this was a/the favourite picture of Kenneth Clark."

5 Rembrandt: *Self-Portrait*. "Self-evident. The greatest work by the greatest painter."

6 Vermeer: *The Cook*. "Painted at the same time as the above and the same comment could apply."

7 Seurat: *Une Baignade*. "Who is the greatest modern? Degas? Cézanne? Monet? Matisse? Picasso? My favourite is Matisse. But the Seurat is to me the greatest modern painting, revolutionary in content and form and yet a celebration of ordinary life."



*The Descent from the Cross*, 1611-12, by Rubens, the central panel of a triptych altarpiece commissioned by an Antwerp guild for their chapel in the Cathedral. Sir David Piper considered it "the grandest, most majestic of all treatments of this tragic theme".





ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

*The Flaying of Marsyas*, right, by Titian (1487-1576) from Kroměříž Palace in Czechoslovakia. His late masterpiece came to the British public's attention at the Royal Academy's "Genius of Venice" exhibition 18 months ago. Among those who voted for it were two painters: R. B. Kitaj, "Best easel painting I ever saw?", and Tom Phillips: "The final fruits of three quarters of a century's labour. A lay passion of salvation through suffering and the most poignant manifestation of the artist's view of art."



ROYAL ACADEMY

*Un Dimanche d'été à La Grande-Jatte*, 1884-86 by Seurat, was shown in the last Impressionist Exhibition in 1886. It now hangs in the Art Institute of Chicago. Though based on sketches made outside, the painting was entirely executed in the artist's studio, and was reworked after Seurat had developed his technique of applying tiny brush strokes and dots over an original layer of paint.



*Guernica*. I suspect that a few years ago the *Demoiselles* would have done better, as an icon of modernism. There was also a scattering of votes for other modern works. George Melly chose Max Ernst's *The Elephant of the Celebes* in the Tate. He called it "the most poetic and haunting image (for me) of the 20th century. Part mechanistic, part anthropomorphic, wholly mysterious." The American poet and critic John Ashbery chose Giorgio de Chirico's *Enigma of Fatality* in the Kunstmuseum, Basel—a painting which seems to carry an echo of his own enigmatic verse. The most recent works cited were by Jackson Pollock. Lord Croft chose *Blue Poles*, now in Australia; Norman St John-Stevan MP, former Minister for the Arts, selected *Number Fourteen* (1948), describing it as "colour and form uniquely combined. A picture for our time." César chose *One* (*Number Thirty-One*, 1950).

Every list of the kind provided by our jurors contains its share of surprises. In this case the most provocative choice surely comes from Homan Potterton, director of the National Gallery of Ireland. His list of six ends with a painting by Franz-Xavier Winterhalter, *Queen Victoria and Prince Albert seated with their children*.

## ADRIENNE CORRI

1 Gainsborough: *Lord Kilmorey*. "The most vivid, vital presence and forceful portrait of a man, a directness not evident in many pictures of this date."

2 Van Dyck: *The Lonelimi Family*. "Evocative and brooding picture, wonderfully composed, filled with overtones. A great study of the use of black against black. Something more to discover each time you see it."

3 Rembrandt: *Self-Portrait*. "This last self-portrait demonstrates his complete mastery of his medium. It has a wry and witty quality as well, a man come to terms with himself. He holds an English palette, lending some strength to the theory that he may have lived in England for a short time."

4 Tiepolo: *The Finding of Moses*. "Lovely example of a very chic, decorative picture, beautiful balance of colour and line with a sharper edge to it than most works of this kind."

5 Turner: *Snow storm—Steamboat off a Harbour's Mouth*. "To me perhaps the most energetic and satisfying of his sea paintings. Owing nothing to the classical conception, purely his own vision. More vitality per square inch than other artists' in a lifetime."

6 Goya: *Portrait of the Duke of Alba*. "The reverse of the Gainsborough Kilmorey portrait. Meticulous but filled with comment, ambiguous. The portrait of a man's idea of himself, observed by the artist."

*Vase of Flowers*, c 1760-63, right, by Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin; National Gallery of Scotland. Chardin was one of the French masters of still-life, and this enchanting painting was chosen by Sir Ernst Gombrich.



*The Elephant of the Celebes*, 1921, below, by Max Ernst; Tate Gallery. For George Melly it is "the most poetic and haunting image of the 20th century. Part mechanistic, part anthropomorphic, wholly mysterious."







MUSEUM BOYMANS-VAN BEUNINGEN

*Un verger au printemps*, 1881, left, by Sisley; Museum Boymans-Van Beuningen, Rotterdam. Alasdair Auld thought it captured "the very breath of spring. I can hear the leaves rustling, the birds singing. I can feel the sharpness of the day promising a glorious summer still to come."



SCALA FRANCHI

*The Crucifixion*, c 1515, below, by Grünewald, centre panel of the *Isenheim Altarpiece*, now at the Musée d'Unterlinden in Colmar, France. Sir David Piper described it as "the most starkly terrifying and pitiless masterpiece of the 'greatest problem', of God's inhumanity to man and to God".



## THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAINTINGS

*The School of Athens*, c 1509, right, by Raphael, one of the frescoes painted by Raphael for the papal apartments in the Vatican. It was chosen by Tom Phillips, who said, "Sometimes I prefer the full-scale drawing in Milan but the final fresco buries its passions in the ultimate achievement of Renaissance art: the last moment when man seemed to have control of the things and thoughts of the world through his art."



SCALA FIRENZE

### WIN A PAINTING

*ILN* readers are invited to take part in this feature by nominating their own candidate for the world's greatest painting. Anyone whose chosen painting coincides with the majority vote of our 44 contributors (to be published in our August issue) will be entered for a draw which will take place at the *ILN* offices on July 4, 1985. The reader whose coupon is drawn will receive a contemporary painting valued at around £1,000.

Readers may make only one nomination per coupon, but may enter as many times as they like providing each nomination is made on the entry form cut from the *ILN*. No other form of entry is eligible, and if no correct entry is received there will be no draw. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

*Mona Lisa*, 1503, right, by Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo's portrait of Lisa Gherardini is probably the most famous picture in the world. The painting, which is in the Louvre in Paris, was chosen by Daniel Wildenstein and Philippe de Montebello.

**NEXT MONTH**  
The most favoured artists

### COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

All entries must be received in the *ILN* office by July 2, 1985. The name of the winner will be published in the August issue of the *ILN*.

Artist:

Painting:

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Address:



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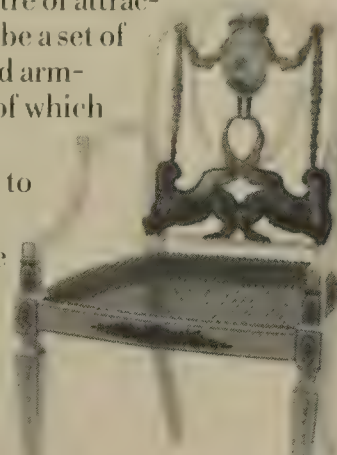


On Thursday 20th June Bonhams will be holding a sale of Fine Sporting Paintings to coincide with Ascot Week. Included in the Sale is this portrait of "Hark-A-Way", held by his groom, in a landscape, painted by J. D. Goode in 1859.

Bonhams selected furniture sale on Thursday 6th June will contain many fine pieces including a set of four George III mahogany framed library armchairs, but the centre of attraction will undoubtedly be a set of ten painted beechwood armchairs circa 1800, one of which is shown here.

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# What makes a champion?

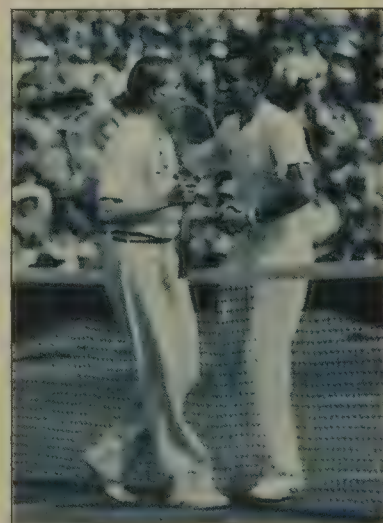
by David Stafford-Clark

Competition is fiercer and prizes are higher in sport today than they were when Wimbledon was an amateur tournament, but technique and temperament still seem to be the vital ingredients of success.

Sport in general and tennis in particular provide vivid examples of the emotional components in competitive physical activity. Each summer Wimbledon underlines two aspects decisive in determining success or failure. The first is supreme fitness, combined with overall practised skill in technique; but equally vital is determination coupled with a ruthless confidence in personal supremacy on the day.

Some 50 years ago competitive lawn tennis was dominated by France's Three Musketeers: Henri Cochet, René Lacoste and Jean Borotra. During their peak years they regularly secured the Davis Cup and triumphed at Wimbledon. They also wrote about their philosophy of the game. Cochet displayed an obsession with its mathematics: one chapter of his book tabulated the comparative worth of key points in every game and set in a match. Not so Lacoste, who laconically advised: "Never give away, let alone throw away, a single point"—he is now remembered more by his logo on tennis shirts than for his concentration on court. Borotra's effervescent bonhomie and gallant volleying, unique in its day, combined to make him seem invincible. He sparkled with *joie de vivre* whether winning or losing, and often overtook opponents dazzled by his bounding and seemingly tireless optimism.

Those three were succeeded by an international giant: Fred Perry, pioneer of power tennis, who constantly attacked the early-rising ball from his opponent's service or return. His own service, although strong and reliable, was not as devastating as Tilden's before him or Ellsworth Vines' after him. Perry aimed to kill rallies by collecting the ball on the way to the net and then putting it away. His Wimbledon final with Baron Gottfried von Cramm was expected to be an epic: von Cramm, the master stroke player, against an unprecedentedly ferocious hitter. The issue was decided in the first set. Stretching too late for an unreachable shot from Perry, von Cramm slipped and tore a muscle in his thigh, and was instantly and agonizingly lamed. Bravely, if hopelessly, he played out the match, but barely won another point. Afterwards he told the crowd: "I am sorry for not playing better."

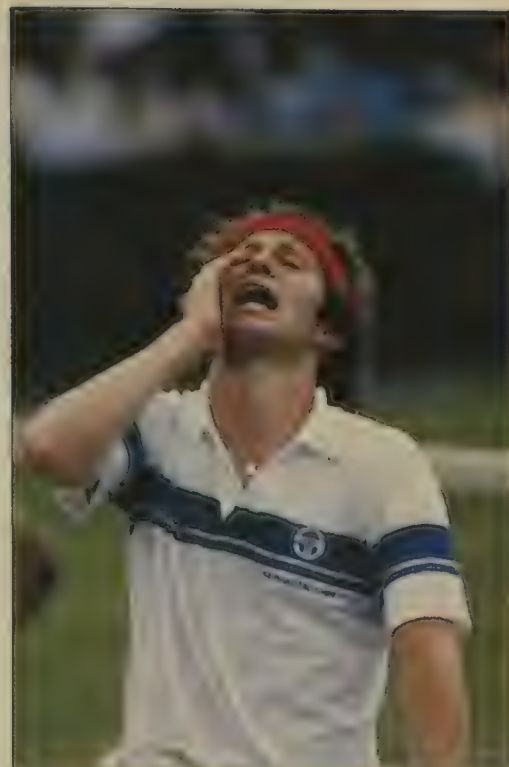


Pre-war Wimbledon: René Lacoste, top, quiet but determined, defeated Jean Borotra in the 1925 final; matchless manners, above, when Britain's Fred Perry beat Baron Gottfried von Cramm of Germany, who had played on though injured, in the 1935 men's final.

Players had good manners then.

Perry's confident supremacy in singles secured Britain a succession of Wimbledon titles and a run of Davis Cup victories. The disarmingly genial American, Donald Budge, combined an implacable will to win with his own innovation in technique: the two-fisted backhand. Beaten by Perry in their only Wimbledon encounter, he later became a regular singles champion and helped America to dominate the Davis Cup. Then it was Australia's turn, with Rod Laver and Lew Hoad displacing





the Americans, until the more recent switch to open tournaments, after which the professionals left their circuses to return to play in world championships.

Perry, Budge, Laver, Hoad and more recently Bjorn Borg carried on the tradition of W. T. Tilden and the Three Musketeers: they were masters not only of the game but of themselves. Today's world champions, perhaps the two best technical artists in the history of tennis, John McEnroe and Martina Navratilova, differ as players chiefly in the latter's complete control of herself. McEnroe's superlative skills have been marred by tantrums which would disgrace a five-year-old. He knows this and he struggles with it.

In neither of his last two Wimbledon finals did he lose control either of his behaviour or of his technical superior-

**Faces of the 1980s:** John McEnroe, above, keeps a stiff upper lip at this year's US Masters' in New York, but was less inhibited, top and centre right, at Wimbledon in 1981; he crossed swords with Jimmy Connors, right, at last year's French championships.

ity. From the moment in 1984 when Connors, having won the toss, elected to receive service, counting on the uncertainties inherent in the first game of any needle match and on his own strength in returning service to win an immediate break, only to be 3-0 down after three games, McEnroe established and never lost the psychological edge.

Technique and temperament are equally crucial in women's sport. Martina Navratilova imposes her game and personality on her



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## What makes a champion?

opponents. If Britain's Jo Durie is to become world champion, she must make her strong technique impervious to self-doubt and distraction. Failure of nerve can destroy proven veterans as well as aspiring champions. When Chris Evert first encountered Virginia Wade she was 2-5 down in the second set, with Wade's service to come. The crowd realized that if Virginia Wade let this chance slip, she would not clinch the match in her next service game—or at all. Wade lost that game, that set, and the next. A new champion had been born.

My own bet for a future world champion is the young French player Pascale Paradis. Temperament has not yet caught up with her: revelling in the game, generous in victory as in defeat, she could become a feminine equivalent of Borotra. What a wonderful change that would be



Australian Rod Laver, top left, who won the men's singles at Wimbledon four times in the 1960s, and Bjorn Borg, top right, the Wimbledon champion, for five consecutive years from 1976 to 1980, were admired for their good manners as well as their skill. Martina Navratilova, above, five times winner of the women's singles title, has a strong personality as well as a powerful technique.

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## MOTORING

# The new Granadas

by Stuart Marshall

Big cars are not what they used to be, especially on the Continent, where petrol in Austria, France, Italy and Spain is even more expensive than it is in Britain. Nor is it only petrol cost per mile that has led to the feeling that big is no longer beautiful. Modern, transverse-engined and front-wheel driven cars have such good space utilization that they need not be bulky to offer a lot of room for passengers and luggage. And engines have gained in efficiency as body shells have become lighter and more aerodynamic.

Still, the demand for large—if no longer really large-engined—cars persists, especially in Britain, where the company-car system protects their drivers from at least part of their running costs. Ford has traditionally enjoyed a major share of this profitable market segment with the Granada, which has just been replaced by a new model. Confusingly, the new big Ford hatchback is known as the Scorpio on the Continent, the Granada here, though the most luxurious version sold in Britain is the Granada Scorpio.

Three versions of the new Granada have just gone on sale, the GL, the Ghia and Scorpio, with a choice of four petrol engines. These comprise a 1.8 litre "lean-burn", low-exhaust emission unit; a brace of 2 litre engines, one with fuel injection; and a fuel-injected 2.8 litre V6. A 2.5 diesel, bought in from Peugeot, will be added next year. There is just one body style—a five-door hatchback—which is considered to have enough luggage-carrying capacity to allow the estate-car version to be dropped.

Ford has stolen a march on the competition by fitting every Granada with electronically controlled anti-lock brakes as standard equipment. These allow an emergency stop to be made safely on a wet, curving road. Other standard items are adjustable steering columns, height-adjustable driver's seats, a radio aerial combined with the heated rear window, and high-security door locks.

Power-assisted steering is an extra-cost option on all the four-cylinder cars and comes as standard only on the V6 models, which also have four-speed automatic transmission. A five-speed manual gearbox is part of the four-cylinder package and is an option on the V6s. I would have thought power steering essential on a car of Granada's size. It will be missed whenever the car has to be parked.

The styling is also controversial. Rover's decision to make the SD-1 executive car a hatchback without the option did nothing for its sales. I suspect that many buyers of the new hatchback Granada will wish it were a proper saloon with a boot. As a design, the Granada strikes me as a mixture of other cars and not an aesthetically integrated whole. From the front it could be a Sierra and from the back, a Mercedes 190. In profile it reminds me of a Renault 25.

The new Granada's début was delayed by the need to modify it to take catalytic converters to meet Germany's Draconian exhaust-emission regulations, and the only versions available for me to try were a 2 litre Ghia and a 2.8 litre V6 Scorpio, both with manual transmission. In filthy weather they sat squarely and firmly on the road. The all-independent suspension gives an outstandingly good ride and in blustery conditions at an indicated 120 mph on the autobahn the 2 litre car was rock steady.

Granada is a typically German car, with the same solid, enduring feel as a Mercedes, which is clearly no coincidence. Mercedes, Audi 100, BMW five-series and seven-series and Renault 25 are its chief rivals. Although it is no larger than the current Granada, it is even roomier inside.

Conditions did not permit a realistic evaluation of fuel consumption, but the excellent aerodynamics, including flush-fitting windows, and electronic engine-management, must make it better than the previous model's. Ford even says that the 1.8 "lean-burn" engine is 14 per cent more fuel-efficient than the 1.1 litre Fiesta's engine of 1976 ●



The Granada Scorpio, the most luxurious of Ford's three latest models.



# The temptations of Kiftsgate

by Judy Astor. Photographs by Clive Boursnell.

Diany Binny is no armchair gardener: at 70 she still weeds, prunes and adds to the Cotswold garden which her mother created. Her advice is as vigorous as the garden's monster rose.



Great gardens stand less chance of survival than great houses. It takes only a few years of neglect or a new owner with different priorities for plantings and even whole borders to be lost. All the more to be prized, therefore, are gardens like Kiftsgate Court, near Chipping Campden in Gloucestershire, where there has been an unbroken continuity over 60 years.

Kiftsgate was created by a great gardener, Heather Muir, who moved into the house after the First World War and whose inspiration lives on strongly in the garden today. She had a worthy successor in her daughter, Diany Binny, who took over in 1955 and is now a remarkably young 70-year-old. Although she has made over the house and garden to her daughter, Anne Chambers, Mrs Binny lives in the lodge and continues to work in the garden, where nothing is planted without her permission. There are also two full-time gardeners.

"I'm much too bossy to have a really good older man, so I try to get good young men who are intelligent," she said. "David Hingley, my head man, is very nice. He came knowing very few of the plants here, but now he knows



Top, white paeonies, *Rodgersia pinnata* *superba*, the pink *Rosa* *Cosmopolyte* and, on the right, the standard rose *Scarlet Fire*, in the Four Squares at Kiftsgate Court.

Above, Mrs Binny weeding in the Wide Border.

everything. He does the propagation entirely—I just make suggestions.

"I never learnt proper gardening—I wish I had. People ought to do a couple of years at somewhere like Wisley or Kew and get the foundations." Mrs Binny is not an armchair gardener. Instead of reading, she is out in the garden, pruning—"I had a terrible job with this soulangeana rose, lying on my back hacking out all the old wood underneath"—and weeding. Luckily there are no horrors like ground elder, mare's tail or bindweed—all eliminated by good, thorough gardening over the years. The annual weeds, the chickweed and grass, are rooted out by hand. "We don't spray and we don't hoe. It's quite quick, though—I reckon I can weed our biggest border in an hour and a half."

A north-facing bank, unpromising though it must have looked, was the only place left where Mrs Binny could make a border of her own, so thickly had her mother planted the garden. Although it was covered with yellow clay subsoil from the levelled site for the house, she went ahead and planted the border with the grey plants for which she longed to find a home, ➤➤



## The temptations of Kiftgate

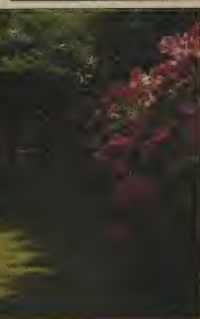
having first dug in all the leaf mould and peat she could procure. It has had its ups and downs. "After that had winter three years ago, 80 per cent of the plants there died. The gardener said it was the nearest thing we had to an annual border in the garden. But in the hot summers the only bit of the garden that looks happy is the grey border. We've got our own spring, but it wouldn't run to waiting, so I won't start—things must take their chance."

Mrs Binny believes in challenging received ideas, whether fashionable aesthetic ones or the horticultural variety. A particular *bête noire* of hers is the theory that you should plant only in threes, fives and sevens of a kind.

"There's nothing wrong with a pair," she said briskly. "Very often two is what you want, balancing each other. My mother used to plant a straight line of something in the front of the border—three or four or five of a kind—not a long line, but straight, with no nonsense about dotting two huck and missing one. That's what's wrong with so many herbaceous borders. My God, it can be boring, that so-called group planting. Everyone knows now how not to plant in squares, but they don't get much further than that."

Although Mrs Binny says the garden is basically the same as in her mother's day, with the same colour schemes, it is by no means static. The 50-year-old Felicia musk roses may still flourish where they have always been, but she is continually trying to

Right, view from the lower garden towards the house showing a composition in foliage colour and texture which includes *Cornus alba elegantissima* (left) next to *Philomai fraticosa* either side of the steps, and borders of alchemilla and lavender. Below, the double hedge of striped *Rosa verticillata* in the Rose Garden. Below right, the creamy-flowered *Aruncus sylvestris*, *Acer japonicum aureum*, delphiniums and hostas in the Blue and Yellow Border.



Top, *Rosa Frankfortiana*, *Campanula latifolia* Highecliffe and paeonies in the Wide Border. Above right, the pink rose, American Pillar and red rose, Munchen, near the wisteria-clad portico of the house. Left, *Lonicera tragophylla* growing over the tennis-court summerhouse.

squeeze in new acquisitions like the freemontodendron, which will have to try its luck in the soggiest, most sunless border despite its preference for sun and sharp drainage, because there is simply no room for it elsewhere. She is always picking up new plants and new ideas from other people's gardens, whether it's the way Countess Munster used to grow her clematises on wire hoops, or Prince Wolkonsky's mixture of lemon and blue azaleas at Kerdalo, his garden in Brittany.

Compared to Hidcote, just up the road, Kiftgate is relatively small. The



seven borders round the house probably cover less than an acre, but the garden is so richly planted that each corner presents a new temptation to linger. It was at Kiftgate that I first saw *Actinidia kolomikta*, that extraordinary climber with leaves a riot of pink and white, and *Lonicera splendens*, a particularly beautiful and difficult honeysuckle with glaucous leaves.

No visitor should leave without taking an awed look at the variety of *Rosa filipes* called Kiftgate after the garden. It is a science-fiction monster, a thicket 30 yards wide lying next to the striped *Rosa verticillata* hedge. When Mrs Binny took over in 1955 it had smothered to death a turkey oak, and was attacking other trees. When the dead oak fell across the yew hedge into the rose border, "it was absolute murder getting it off because it undoubtedly has the worst thorns in Great

Britain," says Mrs Binny with feeling. "We now hack it back. There's a lot of dead wood underneath but we couldn't possibly get it out—it would kill us. We just cut the edges and stop it crossing the path." Yet visitors still ask to buy two or three for a small suburban garden. Mrs Binny, a responsible woman, refuses to sell them more than one at a time.

Another pleasure of visiting Kiftgate is that Mrs Binny sits at the gate on Thursday and Sundays, dispensing plants and horticultural advice. The plants and advice are both excellent, and as vigorous as her famous rose.

The gardens at Kiftgate Court, near Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, are open from 2 to 6pm on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Sundays (and Bank Holiday Mondays) between April 1 and September 30.



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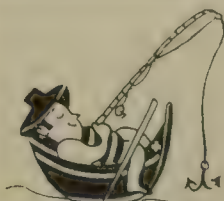
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## TRAVEL

# Berlin—two sides of a fascinating city

by Roger Berthoud

Berlin is a city to set the mind spinning. To visit it is like entering a time machine. The particular grisliness of modern German history gives a building like the Reichstag a strikingly eerie quality; and then of course there is the Wall, erected by the East German régime in 1961 to stop the outflow of those who preferred the freedom of the West. It remains the most tangible and striking symbol in the world of the East-West divide, and to pass from West Berlin to East Berlin feels like taking part in some giant socio-political experiment. If all that sounds grim, it isn't: Berlin can be so interesting that it is exhilarating, and in addition there are plenty of conventional attractions.

To start with West Berlin: thanks largely to the tremendous improvements in its contacts with the outside world since the Four Power Agreement of 1971, it no longer has the beleaguered, slightly makeshift feel which resulted from being surrounded by communist territory and being the barometer of super-power tensions. There is a new feeling of confidence about in that bracing Berlin air.

As West Berlin is of restricted size—24 miles from north to south, and 28 from east to west—distances seem small, and it takes only 15 minutes by taxi from the clinically modern and wonderfully empty Tegel airport to the centre. The city's focal point nowadays is the Gedächtniskirche (memorial church) on the Kurfürstendamm. The church's battered tower has been left as a gaunt symbol of the destruction Berlin suffered in the Second World War, and looks reprovingly down on the Ku'damm, which is a sort of Germanic Champs-Élysées—a street for promenading, full of cafés, restaurants, cinemas, theatres and good shops.

Not many yards from the Gedächtniskirche, at the Europa-Center, is the Berlin Verkehrsamt (Tourist Information Office). Regardless of your age, stop there to pick up a free copy of *Berlin for Young People*, a wonderfully informative and readable pocket-sized guide, and also a copy of *Berlin Programm*, a monthly "what's on". Both are indispensable if you are to make the most of your days, and evenings. The same office can help with accommodation—April and October tend to be the busiest months for visitors—as well as with information about coach tours and other excursions, museums and so on. By London standards, hotels offer good value for money.

West Berlin's museums come in two main groups. The first, in Berlin-Dahlem, is devoted variously to Indian, Islamic and East Asian art; ethnology (emphasis on the South Seas);

Old Masters (no fewer than 26 Rembrandts) and etchings; and sculpture, from the Byzantine era to the 19th century. The second group is in and around West Berlin's finest specimen of baroque architecture, the Charlottenburg Palace. The Egyptian Museum opposite the palace is a miracle of skilful presentation. You will long be haunted by the spotlight and very photogenic face of Queen Nefertiti. For admirers of 19th- and 20th-century art there is the National Gallery in the Potsdamerstrasse, designed by Mies van der Rohe and strong on German painting of the early 20th century.

Every good German enjoys an *Ausflug*, or expedition, and so should visitors. More than a third of West Berlin's surface area consists of lakes, rivers, forests and meadows, and the Wannsee has Europe's longest inland sandy beach—a mile long and 250 feet wide. Sightseeing boats are available, as are cruises on the River Havel. To relax amid greenery nearer to the city centre, there is the Tiergarten, a large park which boasts a nature trail, and the Zoo, right by the Gedächtniskirche. With more than 9,000 animals, it is said to be the largest of its sort in the world. Set in well-tended gardens, it must also be one of the most handsome.

West Berlin is particularly enjoyable by night, especially for music, theatre and cinema lovers. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, whether under von Karajan or not, should not be missed at its striking headquarters designed by Hans Scharoun, nor should the opera house directed by Götz Friedrich, once a refugee from East Berlin: both can be as good as any rivals across the globe. The West Berlin theatre is also notably lively, with the Schaubühne am Lehniner Platz currently rated the finest in the German-speaking world. Don't sample a satirical review unless your German is very good: when my wife and I went to the Stachelschwein (porcupine) at the Europa-Center, every punchline felt like a fresh linguistic humiliation. The Berlin dialect did not help matters.

If you want to see how the city has changed, go to the Berlin Museum in the Kreuzberg district, which is interesting in itself as the focus of the Turkish migrant worker community; and as an act of faith with past heroes, don't miss the Ploetzensee Memorial at the prison in north-west Berlin where more than 2,500 men, women and adolescents, including many German Resistance leaders, were hanged and guillotined. It is a very moving spot.

So, too, in its way is the Wall, which has, ironically, become a tourist attraction, as well as the world's biggest challenge to graffiti artists. There are several viewing platforms from which one can peer over the death strip to





The war-damaged tower of the Gedächtniskirche, top, stands at the heart of prosperous West Berlin. Over the Wall in East Berlin the goose-step lives on incongruously outside the monument to victims of fascism and militarism.

East Berlin's curious architectural mixture of the pretentious (old and new) and the utilitarian. Sausage stalls, souvenir kiosks and postcards of old Berlin complete the scene at the most heavily frequented viewing point at the Potsdamer Platz. Not far away is the Brandenburg Gate (just over the border) and the Reichstag, now a museum.

A day should be spent in East Berlin. The more interesting sights are concentrated along the imposing length and breadth of Unter den Linden, and most of them have been well restored

in recent years. The capital of the German Democratic Republic looks a great deal less grim than a decade ago, but the shops remain pathetically ill-stocked with consumer goods, and it is not hard to spot the Western tourists.

We entered East Berlin by underground train to Friedrichstrasse station, and had to queue 45 minutes before paying DM 15 for a visa and changing the mandatory DM 25 (about £7) into East German Marks, which are worthless outside the GDR but useful for food, records and books, all good value in the communist world.

Having walked the few minutes to Unter den Linden, we had a coffee near the handsome old State Opera House (Staatsoper), watched the goose-stepping changing of the guard at the memorial to the victims of fascism and militarism, visited the Museum of German history (interesting if repetitive Marxist viewpoint), had a good lunch in the vast, newish Palace of the Republic, saw the extraordinary antiquities of the Pergamon Museum, recovered with a coffee and cream cake, inspected the GDR's largest department store (sad), and ended up with a moderately enjoyable rendering of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Staatsoper.

Back in the West it was an almost surrealist experience next morning to visit the KaDeWe, allegedly the biggest department store in Europe. In the food department I paced out the meat counter at 30 yards before noticing there was another just as long across the aisle. This temple to the stomach seemed almost obscene after the austerities of East Berlin. But then that is partly what Berlin is about: a holiday for thinking as well as for enjoying.

#### Our Travel Editor writes:

For the independent traveller British Airways operate five services daily (one non-stop, four with one stop) from London (Heathrow) to Berlin (Tegel). Current return fares—£104, £131 and £150 excursion according to seasonal restrictions; £246 Eurobudget (no restrictions) all in economy; £310 Club Class. PanAm also operate this route with similar fares.

Dan Air fly from London (Gatwick) on Sundays, Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays. Fares are £99 to £114 return, economy class only.

By train the most convenient route is by Night Continental from London (Liverpool Street) departing 7.40 pm to Harwich, overnight Sealink ferry to the Hook of Holland and then by express (departing 7.11 am) via Rotterdam, Osnabrück, Hanover and Helmstedt arriving in Berlin (Zoo) at 5 pm. The through first- and second-class carriages from the Hook to Berlin have a dining car for most of the way. Current return fares: London to Berlin, £161 (first class); £115 (second class); sleeping berths on ferry extra.

By long-distance coach there is a twice-weekly service from London (Victoria Coach Station) departing 6.30 pm on Tuesdays and Fridays via Dover, Ostend or Zeebrugge, Amsterdam and across Germany with short stops en route arriving Berlin 9.15 pm next day. Current return fare, £76.

By car the distances in miles from the most convenient ports on the Continent to Berlin are Calais, 575 (ferries, Hoverspeed from Dover); Ostend/Zeebrugge, 525 (ferries from Dover); Hook of Holland, 435 (ferry from Harwich); Hamburg, 169 (ferry from Harwich). There are no restrictions on taking foreign registered cars along the autobahn into West Berlin. Green Card insurance is essential.

There are more than a dozen travel companies offering holidays in Berlin as package deals, either with air travel (the majority) or by rail from London, ranging from a weekend to a full week or longer.

Examples: three- or four-night stays with choice of hotels and bed and breakfast, £150 to £277 with flights from Gatwick. Additional nights £17 to £42 (GTF Tours).

Three nights with choice of three hotels and bed and breakfast, £172 to £228; seven nights, £208 to £328; flights by British Airways from Heathrow (DER Travel Service).

Three nights (choice of hotels) with bed and breakfast travelling by train from London, £142 to £192; £36 extra for first-class travel; additional nights £9 to £23 (DER Travel Service).

Full lists of all hotels in West Berlin are available from the German National Tourist Office in London or at the Berlin Verkehrsamt (Tourist Information Office), Europa-Center, D-1000 Berlin 30; telephone 30/212 34.

Two- and four-day tickets allow unlimited travel in Berlin by bus and underground (U-Bahn) and cost DM 14 and DM 28 respectively. Get the multilingual leaflet on the Berlin transport system from the tourist office.

For information on East Berlin contact the tourist office of the German Democratic Republic—Berolina Travel, 20 Conduit Street, London W1R 0EN (629 1664). For West Berlin and the German Federal Republic contact the German National Tourist Office, 61 Conduit Street, London W1R 0EN (734 2600). Full details of all travel and holidays from travel agents.





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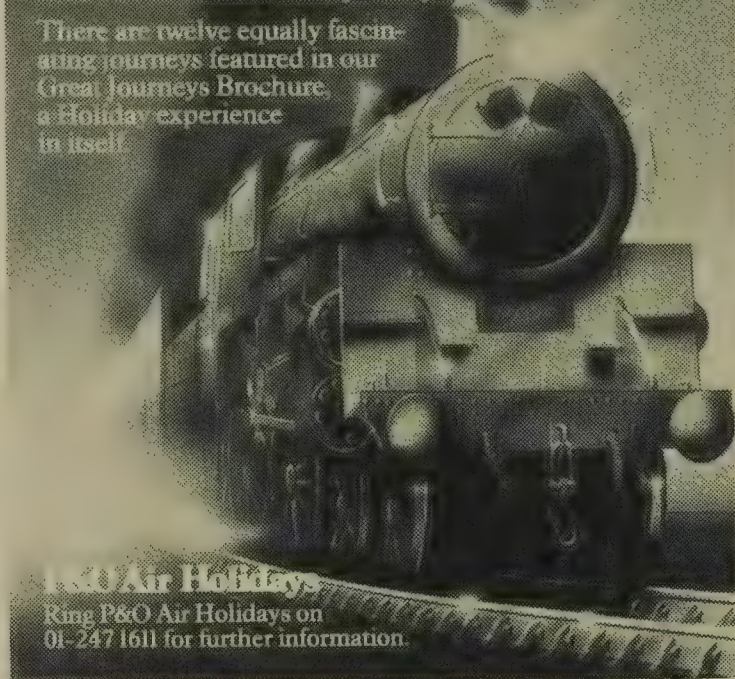
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# Uncovering Chester's Saxon heritage

by David Mason and Tim Strickland

Recent excavations have produced major evidence that Chester was an important Saxon city.

The authors, members of its Archaeological Unit, portray the pre-Conquest city in the light of these impressive discoveries.

Chester appears only rarely in the historical record before the Norman Conquest. It is known to have been the venue for an ecclesiastical synod c AD 601 and that a Northumbrian army defeated the forces of the North Welsh kingdoms of Gwynedd and Powys in a battle fought near the city in AD 613. Nothing further is heard of Chester until the closing years of the ninth century when a marauding Danish army captured and briefly occupied it during the winter of 893 to 894. In the opening years of the 10th century a local uprising of Hiberno-Norse colonists was subdued by English forces led by Lady Aethelflaed, wife of the ailing Ealdorman Aethelred, ruler of Mercia. Soon afterwards, in AD 907, she ordered the rebuilding of Chester as a fortified town or *burh* and it became an addition to the network of strongholds established by Alfred and his successor, Edward the Elder, designed to contain and isolate the Danelaw from the Scandinavians settled in the west of the country.

Standing at the point where land and river traffic joined the seaborne trade of the Irish Sea routes, Chester was well situated as a focus for commerce, and the creation of a *burh*, with its strong defences and a regulated market overseen by the earl's officers, enabled the city to become a trading and manufacturing centre. In the 10th and 11th centuries Chester's main trade links were with Ireland, southern England and the Midlands, and it was probably contacts with the latter region that led to the re-introduction of Chester Ware pottery and its derivatives into the city in large quantities around the middle of the 10th century.

Until 1974 archaeological excavations within the city had failed to locate any traces of buildings belonging to the Dark Ages or Saxon periods. However, that year an excavation was started by Chester's archaeological unit (based in the Grosvenor Museum) in the southern part of the walled city (on the west side of Lower Bridge Street midway between the Roman fortress and the River Dee) which, over the next two years, was to produce a wealth of information about pre-Norman Chester, including the remains of seven timber buildings—the first tangible structural evidence of Saxon Chester.

Used as a refuse dump in the Roman period, much of the area of level ground west of Lower Bridge Street had been turned into ploughland at some time in the years AD 400 to 850, the first known instance of such activity immediately outside a Roman settlement site during this period. Particularly interesting was the division of the ploughland into 12-metre-wide strips separated by drainage ditches. Eventually the ploughland was abandoned and the area lay more or less derelict until c AD 890 when a small timber hut was erected on the northern part of the site. This was "sunken-featured" in that its floor had been laid over a shallow hollow scooped out of the subsoil, which enabled air to circulate beneath the floor, lessening the risk of rot. A small but very important collection of objects belonging to the time of the building's occupation was recovered from an adjacent part of the site. These were two sherds of red burnished pottery of a type manufactured in Northern France and a small silver brooch of openwork design incorporating blue glass inlays.

Soon after Aethelflaed's refortification of Chester, perhaps around AD 920, the character of the site underwent a radical change. Following the demolition of the hut just mentioned, a group of very substantial, bow-sided timber buildings was erected, apparently as part of a planned development of this part of the city. Of the five buildings either totally or partially excavated, three were equipped with a rock-cut cellar, one was "semi-sunken" in that its floor lay 0.80 metres below the external ground level, while the remaining example was a simple ground-based structure. Built to a standard size of 5 by 4 metres they apparently belonged to a series of structures spaced at regular intervals of 3 metres and arranged in a reversed L plan, set back some 20 to 28 metres from the present frontages of Lower Bridge Street and Castle Street. The area surrounding the buildings had been surfaced with the waste stone produced by digging out the cellars. No evidence was found to indicate that these structures had been outbuildings at the rear of larger houses on the street frontage, although it is true that all traces of the latter could have been removed by the cellars of the medieval buildings which



A complete, 10th-century Chester Ware pot, top, and a bronze brooch of the same period, above, in Scandinavian style, both from the late-Saxon site in Princess Street, Chester.

stood on that area.

After 20 or 30 years these buildings underwent a thorough reconstruction. As well as a number of minor alterations the depth of the cellars was increased from 1.50 to 1.80 metres, while the length of the "semi-sunken" structure was extended to 7 metres.

Although the specific function of these buildings and the occupations followed by their inhabitants remain unknown, they were probably the dwellings of merchants and craftsmen, the cellars being used either as cool repositories for foodstuffs or as secure places of storage for more precious commodities. A stone mould used for casting small ingots of silver, similar to those found in many late-Saxon hoards of coins and metalwork including that discovered near Chester Castle in 1950, and belonging to the period immediately following these buildings, has been found in the site. Thus, it may be that one of the Lower Bridge Street buildings had been occupied by a jeweller or a moneyer.

The buildings on this site were dismantled c AD 970 to 980 at about the same time as Chester Ware pottery was beginning to be re-introduced into the city in large amounts. Following several decades of dereliction, the area became the site of a tanning industry which continued until the time of the Norman Conquest.

Excavations within the area of the Roman fortress since 1975 have also added much new information concerning Saxon Chester. Those at Abbey Green in 1975 to 1977, for example, in the north-west corner of the *castrum*, revealed evidence of a 10th- or 11th-century horn-, antler- and bone-working industry which had been established on the strip of open ground representing the line of the Roman *intervallum* road and lying between the fortress defences and low mounds of rubble marking the former site of legionary barrack-blocks. As well as the fragmentary remains of several timber buildings, a succession of stone-lined pits and an associated sluice were found which contained waste material from the industry, including cow-horn cores, deer antler and sawn bone blanks for making combs. A fragmentary quernstone found on the site could have been used in the production of glue or ammonia, distilled from antlers for use as a bleach or fertilizer. One of the more impressive objects recovered was a fragment of animal rib with inter-laced ribbon design carved on one side, possibly an unfinished knife handle.

More recent excavations in the Princess Street area in 1979 to 1982, close to the centre of the fortress, exposed the remains of several late-Saxon timber buildings some 50 metres west of the site of the medieval market square. One of these was a small sunken hut consisting of a clay-lined pit with a post at each end just outside the pit. The entrance was marked by an alcove and two additional posts which probably created extra headroom. Not far away, the remains of two ground-based buildings were located. Two spectacular finds from this site are a complete Chester Ware cooking pot and a small 10th-century bronze brooch bearing a design of a contorted animal with a ribbon-shaped body in the Borre-Jelling style of 10th- and early 11th-century Scandinavian metalwork.

The picture of late-Saxon Chester currently emerging is one of widespread but not necessarily intense occupation throughout the area of the ruined Roman fortress together with an extramural concentration of activity to the south, close to the river.

Whether the defences erected by Aethelflaed merely kept to the line of those belonging to the Roman fortress or were extended to the course followed by the medieval city walls, to include the areas to the south and west, is a problem still to be resolved. The discovery of the remains of a post-Roman timber palisade set into the top of the Roman rampart near the west gate of the fortress in the early 1960s might support the former hypothesis. However, even if this were the case, the late-Saxon planned development found on the Lower Bridge Street site described above strongly suggests that the area south of the fortress lay within the defended area of the *burh*, if not originally then perhaps by c AD 950. ●







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## London Theatres by Paul Hogarth 11: The Royal Opera House



There has been a theatre in Bow Street, built where there was once a convent garden, since 1732. The first, called the Theatre Royal, opened that year with Congreve's *The Way of the World*. The first musical work performed there was *The Beggar's Opera*. Handel's operas *Atalanta*, *Alcina* and *Berenice* were premièred there between 1734 and 1737. Fire destroyed the theatre in 1808 and a new building opened a year later. It was here that Mrs Siddons gave her farewell performance in 1812 and Edmund Kean was last seen on the stage. He was taken ill while playing *Othello* in 1833

and his son, playing Iago, carried him from the stage. After another fire, the present building opened in 1858 with Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* and there has been opera at Covent Garden ever since. Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted there from 1910, introduced the major Strauss operas to London. The Russian ballet, with Nijinsky, appeared in 1911. During the Second World War Covent Garden was used as a dance hall, but it reopened as a theatre in 1946 with a season by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and opera returned later the same year.





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# Keeping your cool at work

by Christine Knox. Photographed by Victor Yuen.



Northern Europe's climate being what it is, the English male's wardrobe tends to be better equipped to cope with spring, autumn and winter than with the hotter days or weeks of summer. The prospect of dragging out a lightweight suit of yesteryear, perhaps with flared trousers and wide jacket lapels, in order not to swelter in the office, can cause a sinking sensation. Yet even when the shops seem to be full of enticingly cool-looking outfits, it is by no means easy to find just the right one. There are sundry, not always obvious, hazards:

The tropical or neo-colonial look, imparted by a cream, white, olive-green or khaki hue.

**All wool Prince of Wales-check suit, with a single-breasted jacket and wide, tapered, double-pleated trousers, £220; blue denim shirt, £36; Liberty floral silk chintz tie, £19; black leather belt with silver tips, £29.95. All from Paul Smith, 43 Floral Street, WC2; 23 Avery Row, W1; 10 Byard Lane, Nottingham.**

The Mafia look, flashy, shiny, vulgarly expensive. Prickliness once the heat gets to you; mohair content can be relied on for this.

The clammy, sweaty feel; the man-made fibre content is too high so the skin's pores cannot breathe.

The slept-in look; count on blissfully comfortable but crease-prone cotton and linen to prompt the remark, "Honestly, it looked great when I put it on this morning."

Natural fabrics are obviously the coolest, and it is sensible to wear a shirt with no more than a modest man-made fibre content, though with as much as 65 per cent the degree of comfort can vary surprisingly. Cotton shirts need not be outrageously expensive, and the cheaper the cotton the easier they often are to iron. Both comfort and practicability are hard to assess by feel.

Of the natural fabrics for cool suits, very fine ➤➤➤



## Keeping your cool at work

wool probably has the fewest vices, but it tends to be expensive. To get a compromise between price, comfort and crease-resistance, a modest man-made fibre content is advisable. The difficulty is to tell how cool the suit will be when trying it on in an air-conditioned shop.

Our pictures show that a lightweight suit does not have to have that light-toned tropical look: the large windowpane check fabric used by Next is subtly sober, and right in tune with this summer's checks and stripes. The London designer Paul Smith gets away with teaming a denim shirt, a floral tie and a Prince of Wales checked suit, while Verri Uomo's checked linen shirt enlivens a light summer suit designed by Basile ●



Windowpane-check wool suit, above, with a double-breasted jacket and close-fitting, double-pleated trousers, £120; turquoise-and-pink-striped shirt, 35 per cent cotton, 65 per cent polyester, £14.99; striped "club" tie, £10.99. All from Next, branches throughout the country. Fine wool suit, right, single-breasted jacket with double-pleated trousers, £495; silk patterned tie, £24. Both from Basile, 21 New Bond Street, W1. Multi-checked natural linen shirt, £115, by Verri Uomo at Brown's Men's Shop, 23 South Molton Street, W1. Brown leather belt with brass buckle, £8.99, from Next. Tasselled leather loafers, £60, by Rossetti, 177 New Bond Street, W1.

Photographed at The Studio, 52 Bermondsey Street, SE1 (403 6609). Lighting courtesy of Film & TV Services, 153 Acton Lane, NW10.





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PARIS



# Sherries old and rare

by Peta Fordham

Sherry, together with port and madeira, has been hit again by a Budget impost. Sherry's popularity in this country, where it was once the customary aperitif, has already suffered from the substitution of alternative "short" drinks, largely white wines; and it has certainly not been helped by the fact that it has never been a cheap drink. It is expensive to make and the addition of a few pence more to the price of a bottle is a heavier blow than the size of the increase suggests.

Today's sherry is good. We can rely upon its quality and, something unusual in wine, its complete consistency, so that once having found a favourite you can be sure that succeeding bottles will have the same nose and taste. It is made by the *solera* system, by which perfectly mature wine, to be drawn from the lowest butt of the *solera* "pile", is gradually replaced by the wines above it, each a year younger, of exactly similar and carefully monitored characteristics. These move slowly downwards as they mature, ensuring continuity.

But good as our familiar sherries are, the *crème de la crème* lies in the oldest and rarest; and the family of Domecq, known here mainly for their premier fino, La Ina, provided wine-writers with a unique opportunity of tasting sherries of awe-inspiring age. First came Imperial, a very old oloroso, full, nutty and beautifully dry, its aroma full and delicious. Olorosos are often thought of as sweet: this is not true, as the normal wine is almost always completely dry; but the nose, softer than that of the finos and amontillados, can deceive one into thinking that there is sugar there—and olorosos are often sweetened commercially for the market. There followed another old oloroso, MDV, laid down by José Ignacio Domecq, the father of the present head of the firm; clean, full, slightly less nutty than the Imperial, but with the lasting finish that these wines acquire.

The next wine to be tasted was Nelson, an old and rare palo cortado (1815). Palo cortados and tres cortados, of which the next, blended to celebrate the 250th anniversary of both Christie's and Domecq, was an example, are idiosyncratic wines, not occurring in every vintage. Both appeared to have an amontillado nose, something the Domecqs were pleased to see that we noticed; for it is a trick of these old wines (the cortados being olorosos) to grow nearer the old amontillados for aroma in old age.

We were working up to the high point: a superb amontillado, Bolivar (1898), was followed by Sibarita (1863) rightly described as an "extremely old" amontillado. An incredible wine! Quite

indescribably magnificent, I had never tasted a depth, purity, nose or finish like it. This wine had never been "refreshed" by any addition. There it was, exactly in its original state, to show what the ultimate co-operation of man and nature could achieve. Imperial, Nelson and Bolivar were originally vintages of the year stated on their labels; their very limited supply and evaporation had been refreshed from time to time with small quantities drawn from old *soleras*. But we had tasted in Sibarita a vintage sherry, not the product of the usual *solera* method.

These sherries are not on any market: they are in a private store which could only be made by a very old-established firm, such as Domecq. But their quality suggests a new field for exploration. There are, in this country, several firms with very old sherries, one at least 100 years in *solera*: a wonderful amontillado, Coliseo by Wilson & Valdespino from Prestige Vintners, costs only £12 to 13. Gonzalez Byass have several, all over 30 years old, which have already developed age: these include a luscious sweet Matusalem, an oloroso, matured in wood. It is worth consulting them about several, including an Amontillado del Duque from Selfridges, 35 years in bottle, which can be compared with some of John Harvey's interesting speciality of old bottled wines, which include some really marvellous old Bristol Creams. They have also some lovely old-bottled palo cortados.

Barbadillo have three or four "greats"—a rare manzanilla amontillado, Principe; and a manzanilla oloroso as well, to be found at Hicks & Don. There is also a magnificent 100-year-old amontillado from Augustin Blazquez, stocked by Adnams; and it is worth pursuing Vintage Wines, who tend to have "parcels" of interesting sherries in lots too small for the larger merchant. Price for price, these extraordinarily delicious wines are inexpensive compared with, say, vintage claret. Gonzalez Byass, 91 Park Street, W1 (629 9814). Selfridges, Oxford Street, W1 (629 1234). John Harvey, 27 Pall Mall, SW1 (839 4695). Prestige Vintners, 15 Stucley Place, NW1 (485 5895). Hicks & Don, 4 Market Place, Westbury, Wiltshire (0373 864723), ask for Martin Davies. Adnams, Sole Bay Brewery, Southwold, Suffolk (0502 722138). Vintage Wines, 116 Derby Road, Nottingham (0602 476565).

## Wine of the month

Follow through the Spanish theme with a most carefully made wine from Jean Leon in the Penedes. This is his Cabernet Sauvignon 1979, a beautiful wine with a slightly violet scent. Price £5.37 a bottle from Laymont & Shaw, The Old Chapel, Mill Pool, Truro, Cornwall (0872 70545). In a limited supply he also has a beautiful Chardonnay—worth asking about ●

# Drawing on family history

by Robert Blake

## Loved Ones

Pen portraits by Diana Mosley  
Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95

Diana Mosley is one of the celebrated Mitford sisters, the six daughters of the last Lord Redesdale; the only son was killed unmarried at the end of the war. The most famous was the eldest, Nancy, whose novels and biographies have given so much pleasure to so many people. Diana was the third. She married first Brian Guinness, now Lord Moyne, but fell in love with Sir Oswald ("Kit" as she always called him) Mosley. After a divorce in 1936 she married Mosley who was at that time notorious as leader of the Black-shirts, the British Union of Fascists. In 1940 under a piece of retrospective legislation, tolerable if at all only in wartime, they were both imprisoned under Regulation 18B. No charges were ever preferred. In 1943 they were released because of a serious deterioration in Mosley's health. After 1951 they lived in France. He died in 1980.

One of the most interesting of these seven pen portraits is of Mosley himself. It shows how very different a person can appear if seen through different eyes, even those of close relations. Diana Mosley's version is certainly far more attractive than that drawn by his eldest son (her stepson) Nicholas Mosley, which was as hostile a picture as a son has ever drawn of his father.

The Mosleys made repeated efforts to get at the papers concerning his internment, but to no avail in his lifetime. After his death, however, pressure from backbench Labour MPs, who probably scented—quite wrongly—some sort of Tory scandal, persuaded the government to release the documents. To what extent they were doctored will never be known. Diana Mosley remembers at least two questions and answers in her own interrogation which were omitted in the transcript. There is no means of discovering whether Mosley's interrogation has been accurately rendered. On the merits of the case there can be two views. Mosley himself was strongly against the war and conducted a campaign for a negotiated peace during the period of the so-called "phoney war". Others did the same but were not arrested, and there was no legal offence involved. Nevertheless in the highly charged atmosphere of the time the government's action was hardly surprising, though it is quite clear that neither Mosley nor his followers would have acted as quislings if a German invasion had occurred.

Diana Mosley writes well and has an eye for personalities and an ear for the sort of anecdotes and stories which

bring them to life. This is a most readable book, and it is in places very amusing. Apart from that of Mosley there are six other portraits: Lytton Strachey with Dora Carrington; Violet Hammersley; Evelyn Waugh; Professor Derek Jackson; Lord Berners; Prince and Princess Clary. Perhaps the most remarkable of them is Derek Jackson, one of whose six wives was Diana's sister, Pam.

The Jackson twins inherited fortunes from their father, one of the principal shareholders in the *News of the World*. They were inseparable, and both were brilliant scientists. Vivian, who was an astrophysicist, was killed in 1936 driving a sleigh at St Moritz. The subject of the portrait lived until 1982. His speciality was spectroscopy and his genius was spotted by Professor Lindemann, Churchill's close friend, later Lord Cherwell. In 1938 at the age of only 22 he made a discovery at the Oxford Clarendon Laboratory which has earned him a place in books on physics ever since. Both brothers united scientific genius with a passion for hunting and for riding in steeplechases—a most unusual, possibly unique, combination. Derek was highly cultivated, fond of music, pictures and German literature. Like Mosley he was against the war but this did not stop him joining the RAF, becoming a brilliant pilot and winning the DFC, despite the strongest pressure to use his scientific gifts in the war effort. In 1943, however, he reverted to science and was one of the inventors of "window"—the strip metal foil which confused enemy radar. After 1947 he lived abroad to escape the depredations of the Inland Revenue. Diana Mosley has done him proud.

Lord Berners, composer, artist and author, was another notable character. It was an old peerage, inheritable in the female line if the male line died out. His father got on badly with his grandmother. Once asked "Isn't your mother a peeress in her own right?" he replied, "Yes, and she's everything else in her own wrong." Gerald Berners himself said of her that "she looked like Holbein's portrait of Bloody Mary mixed with Charley's Aunt". Like most of the subjects of this book the 14th Lord Berners was rich, and apart from his gifts as a composer—his contributions to art and literature were not so important—will be remembered as having built the last folly in England. The local authorities refused planning permission—a new hazard for folly-builders—but were overruled by Whitehall. His house, Faringdon, was famous for its beauty and décor and eccentricity. On the dining-room door there was a notice saying NO DOGS ADMITTED, 2 feet from the floor so that dogs could read it.

Diana Mosley has written a most enjoyable book which will, apart from anything else, be a valuable source for the future historian of upper-class life from 1930 onwards.



## Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

### A Fanatic Heart, Selected Stories

by Edna O'Brien  
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £9.95

### Foreign Land

by Jonathan Raban  
Collins, £9.50

For Edna O'Brien, like so many of us, paradise is only paradise when it is lost. The themes of love and loss unite her fine omnibus of short stories drawn from *The Love Object* (1968), *A Scandalous Woman* (1974), *Mrs Reinhardt* (1978), *Returning* (1982) and four uncollected interrelated stories which appeared in *The New Yorker* between 1979 and 1981. If anyone needed reminding, this collection reflects the substantial, lasting quality of Edna O'Brien's work.

In her writing she is usually looking back, over her shoulder, at what once happened and the distance lends enchantment to the view. Many of the stories are set in the villages and countryside of western Ireland where Edna O'Brien grew up. She tells of beautiful young girls whose lives are wrenched apart by love, of women who go mad, of the men who mistreat them. And always the point of view is odd and unsettling, often that of a child watching wide-eyed at the alarming and glorious goings-on among those older than herself. The paradise is lost as the narrator is looking back on the past but even in the past the child was looking as if through a keyhole into the secret garden of the future, at something out of reach.

The love stories, for which Edna O'Brien is justifiably renowned, are full of married men. Like the past or the future, these men are blissfully out of reach, providing both the pain and the pleasure which helps give these stories their special, elegiac quality.

Edna O'Brien is especially good at endings, which are of course essential to the art of the short story. The stories often end with a flourish on a marvelous sentence which both expresses the theme of the story and takes us a stage further. In "The Connor Girls" the narrator as a girl was impressed by the glamorous, interesting Connor girls who would not come to her house in Ireland for tea. Returning to Ireland years later with her difficult husband she learns that the girls, much older now and unmarried, were going to ask them to tea; but her husband's rudeness prevents them:

"Don't think we missed much," he said, and at that moment I realized that by choosing his world I had said good-bye to my own and to those in it. By such choices we gradually become exiles, until at last we are quite alone."

There are many passages which one

can read again and again just for the pleasure of the rich, wistful language which never becomes deadeningly lovely, it is too full of the natural and the unnatural world for that. It is likely to spring upon the reader some alarmingly powerful phrase or insight which in a less careful storyteller would overweight the tale and send it skidding to disaster. This, for instance, from the end of "A Scandalous Woman" is quintessential Edna O'Brien:

"She kissed me and put a little holy water on my forehead, delving it in deeply, as if I were dough... It was beginning to spot with rain, and what with that and the holy water and the red rowan tree bright and instinct with life, I thought that ours indeed was a land of shame, a land of murder, and a land of strange, throttled, sacrificial women."

At £9.95 for 461 pages, including some uncollected stories, this is excellent value.

The travel writer Jonathan Raban has written a first novel, *Foreign Land*, and very good it is. George Grey has retired from Africa back to England and we see England through his startled eyes. Jonathan Raban is particularly entertaining on the dominance of television. Grey's casual call to a shop for a television results in a van coming "like an ambulance, in minutes". I also like George's somewhat outdated description of London: "On the extreme right-hand side there was an area around Charing Cross, where you went to shows and rummaged around for second-hand books. Then there was Soho, where you ate. The bit in the middle was where you did general shopping. To the left of that there was St James's, where you put up, and where you bought shoes and shirts and stuff... After Knightsbridge, there were just People's Houses; miles of high, white stucco, like an enormous cake."

Throughout, the writing is fresh and vigorous. We see George through his memories and the eyes of various people, chiefly his prissy daughter Sheila, and watch him grow quickly older, turning into one of his own dour ancestors who watch him from the wall of the Cornish house where his parents used to live and he now lives.

His friendship with Diana Pym, his memories of his affected, adulterous wife, his life in Africa, his obsession with the sea and the boat he buys, his regret for his lover Vera in Africa, the powerful study of his odd, uncomprehending relationship with his daughter, are all strands which help to give strength to this tough and humorous portrait of a man's life.

His disintegration towards the end of the novel, however, comes too quickly and surprisingly for someone who was only a few months earlier such a sturdy person, with integrity and charm and offers of a job if he wanted it. People don't fall apart so quickly. Or maybe they do.

## Other books of the month

### London under London

by Richard Trench and Ellis Hillman  
John Murray, £14.95

What goes on beneath our feet? The answer is much more complicated, more exciting and more romantic than most Londoners will imagine. There is no regularity or consistency about it: even its geology is erratic. Dig down at Golders Green, for example, and you will find 259 feet of London clay, 49 feet of sand and pebbles, 15 feet of Thanet sand and 329 feet of chalk, plus several layers of flint and two of fossils. Do the same at the Angel, Islington, which is no more than seven stations away on the Northern Line, and you find only 43 feet of clay, 18 feet of gravel, 51 feet of sand and pebbles, 34 feet of Thanet sand and 293 feet of chalk. At both places, of course, you will also find much that man has put there—tube train tunnels, electricity, telephone, television and telecommunication cables, water pipes, sewers, cellars and crypts. There are also a dozen rivers still flowing under London to the Thames—more than 100 miles of them, fed by over 100 springs and wells, which once flowed through meadows.

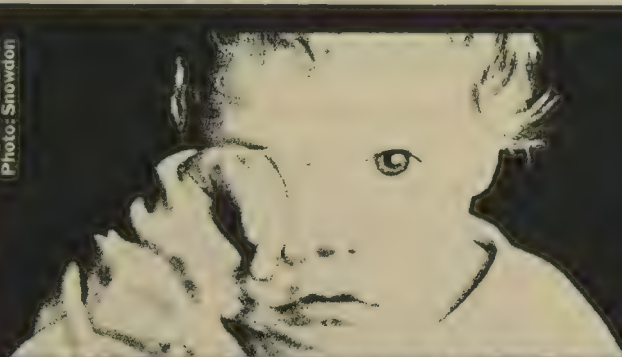
There is no map of subterranean London, but this book provides a most readable and entertaining introduction to this underground world, with useful help about how you can explore some of it for yourself.

### The BBC: The First Fifty Years

by Asa Briggs  
Oxford University Press, £17.50

As the BBC is seldom out of the news, and has to be held responsible, at least in recent years, for influencing the pattern of British culture and indeed of society at large, there is clear need for a balanced history of the extraordinary beast that was created in 1922 and which still, though its monopoly is broken, plays a significant part in the lives of most people in Britain and of quite a few in many other parts of the world. Asa Briggs, fortified by the four detailed volumes he has already produced, has now provided a shorter one-volume version that is not an abridgement of the longer work but a history in its own right, taking the story up to 1972. Much has happened since then, of course, and it is a pity that the last decade has to be excluded. One can understand the reluctance of Asa Briggs the historian to get too close to the present, but Asa Briggs the social commentator must be itching to get down to it. We must look forward to the next edition.

Photo: Snowden



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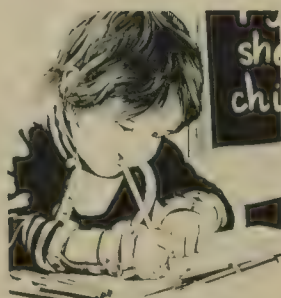
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## CHESS

### Breaking the rules

by John Nunn

There are a few games which seem to defy logical explanation. A player appears to break all the rules of good chess and yet he wins the game without any obvious error from his opponent. One is tempted to invoke a mystical explanation, but the secret is invariably more mundane. The rules of chess which have been broken are generalities which apply to most but not all types of position. If the position contains unusual features these rules may break down and if this happens the player with the greater insight will carry the day.

The following game was played in the 1984 US Championship, which was surprisingly won by outsider Lev Alburt.

W. Browne R. Dzindzhashvili  
White Black

#### Benoni

1 P-Q4 N-KB3  
2 P-QB4 P-K3  
3 N-KB3 P-QR3

This eccentric move has been tried several times in the US. Black's aim is to reach a favourable type of Benoni position.

4 N-B3 P-B4  
5 P-Q5 P-QN4

In the Benoni this thrust is normally very hard to achieve, but here Black can play it straight away. If White tries to win a pawn by 6 QPxP BPxP 7 PxP Black obtains a dangerous initiative by 7... Q-R4.

6 B-N5 P-N5  
7 N-K4 P-Q3  
8 BxN PxB  
9 P-K3 P-B4  
10 N-N3

Black seems to have completely disregarded his development, since all bar one of his moves have been with the pawns. However White has been equally lax, moving his queen's knight three times and his bishop twice, so Black does not suffer any ill effects.

10... N-Q2  
11 B-Q3 N-B3  
12 Q-K2 B-KN2  
13 O-O?

The only moment at which White makes a clear error. He should have supported the important pawn at Q5, so 13 R-Q1 was the most appropriate. The move played castles into a vicious attack.

13... P-KR4  
14 PxP PxP

Knights, being short-range pieces, require stable outposts near the enemy to be fully effective. In this position Black's pawn structure denies the knights any good squares and they soon perish on the edge of the board.

15 N-R4 N-N5

Black has broken two more rules by launching an attack without having completed his development and with-

out having safeguarded his own king. It is justified by the tremendous power of his two bishops and the solid barrier of pawns which adequately protect his king even on its original square. One interesting feature of this game is the way Black's unusual pawn chain QB4, Q3, K3, KB4 provides a powerful grip by controlling all four central squares.

16 N-N6 R-R3  
17 N-B4 B-K4  
18 P-KR3 Q-R5  
19 N(4)xRP

If White retreats by 19 N-R1 Black has an attractive win by 19... B-QN2 20 P-KN3 BxN! 21 PxQ B-R7 mate.

19... RxN  
20 NxR B-R7ch  
21 K-R1 B-N2

By now Black's attack is decisive.

22 P-B3 QxN  
23 BPxN QxRP  
24 R-B3

24 P-K4 also loses after 24... Q-R2 25 P-KN3 BxNPch 26 K-N1 PxP.

24... Q-R1

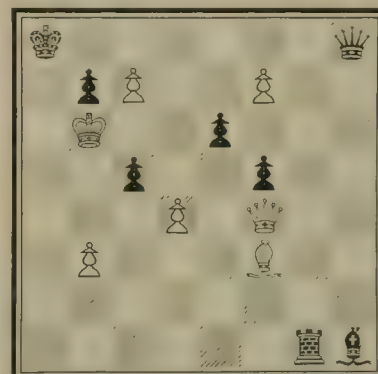
Stronger than taking the rook immediately, since White is forced to give it up under less favourable circumstances.

25 P-KN3 PxP  
26 QxB BxRch  
27 K-N1 QxQch  
28 KxQ K-K2

After 29 R-QN1 R-R1ch 30 K-N1 R-R8ch 31 K-B2 R-R7ch 32 K-K1 R-N7 White ends up two pawns down with a hopeless position, so he decides to give up immediately.

29 Resigns

If you wish to enter the 1985 Lloyds' Bank Chess Problem-Solving Championship, you should first solve the following:



White is to play and mate in two moves against any Black defence. Send the solution, consisting of the key-move only, to Public Relations, Lloyds Bank plc, 71 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3BS, marking the envelope "Chess Contest". Entries must arrive not later than July 1.

Successful entrants will be sent a more difficult set of problems by post and the top scorers will be invited to a final in London next January. Prizes of £100, £50 and £25 are on offer.



# No-trump difficulties

by Jack Marx

A declarer at no-trumps is apt to be beset by difficulties of two kinds. He may be unable to establish his own suit lengths before the defenders have established theirs, thus losing the race against time. Or his established tricks may be isolated in one of the two hands with no means of access to them.

- ♠ A 52 Dealer North  
♥ A J 10 4 2 Game All  
♦ 10 5 4  
♣ 4 3

♠ Q 10 8 7  
♥ Q 7  
♦ K 7 2  
♣ J 10 9 8

♠ K 6 4 3  
♥ 6 3  
♦ A J 6  
♣ A K Q 2
- ♠ J 9  
♥ K 9 8 5  
♦ Q 9 8 3  
♣ 7 6 5

North-South had an unopposed auction:

North	No	1♥	2♥	3NT
South	1♣	1♠	2NT	No

With no good attacking lead open to him, West chose what seemed at least a safe one—even though South had bid the suit, the Club Jack would only most improbably give tricks away. South had only seven tricks on top and the most hopeful source of two more must surely be the heart suit. By taking the double finesse he would succeed on a three-three break and on all four-two breaks where East did not hold both honours. Accordingly, on winning, he led a heart towards dummy and covered West's Seven with the Ten. An inconsiderate East now foiled this plan by ducking. South now had eight tricks but on the four-two break there were not the entries in dummy for a ninth.

South gives himself a better chance if he ducks the first round of hearts completely, firmly placing dummy's Two on whatever card West may play. A second-round play of the ace will secure the required three tricks on all relevant four-two breaks except where West holds both honours. On the other hand, West should always put up a first-round Queen, thus tending to block the smooth flow of the suit.

- ♠ Q J 5 3 Dealer South  
♥ J 10 7 4 Game All  
♦ J 5 3  
♣ J

♠ K 9 8 2  
♥ 6 2  
♦ K 7  
♣ 10 9 8 7 3

♠ A 6 4  
♥ A K Q  
♦ Q 10 9 8 4  
♣ A K
- ♠ 10 7  
♥ 9 8 5 3  
♦ A 6 2  
♣ 6 5 4 2

South's opening Two No-trumps was raised by North to Three No-trumps, but the play was not all that simple after West's lead of Club Ten, despite a combined count of 30 offset by overlapping honours. It was heart-

rending for South that four honours in clubs could produce only two tricks and that, worse still, this feature destroyed the value of the substantial diamonds. With an entry in dummy he might have enjoyed dummy's fourth spade for a ninth trick, but as he saw it the defence could probably prevent this by delaying the play of their King.

However, declarer discerned a gleam of hope; West might hold a doubleton King of Spades. Accordingly, South cashed his three heart honours and led a small spade to dummy's Queen. Despairingly playing the Heart Jack when no Spade King appeared, he had a brainwave; he discarded his Ace of Clubs. Now a spade to his Ace and another to West's King left that person with an invidious choice. He would either have to put dummy in with the Club Queen with access to the long heart or clear South's diamonds.

In this third hand from a team-of-four match, declarer had the chance of combining his precautions against the twin hazards, but only at the second table did he seize it.

- ♠ 8 6 3 Dealer South  
♥ J 5 Game All  
♦ A J 9 8 5 3  
♣ 6 2

♠ K J 9 5  
♥ 10 8 6 4 2  
♦ 7 4  
♣ 9 4

♠ A 10 4  
♥ A K 3  
♦ K 10  
♣ A Q J 5 3
- ♠ Q 7 2  
♥ Q 9 7  
♦ Q 6 2  
♣ K 10 8 7

At neither table was there anything very subtle about the bidding—Two No-trumps by South raised to Three by North. Both Wests led a small heart to the Jack Queen Ace. The South at the first table decided to go bald-headed for the club suit, mentally reserving a fall-back position on the less accessible diamonds. He played Club Ace followed by Queen, East won with King and continued with Heart Nine. South ducked and West signalled for a spade switch by playing Heart Eight. Declarer won the next trick with Spade Ace, registered disgust when West discarded on the Club Jack, took Diamond King and lost a diamond finesse to East's Queen, resulting in a mortifying three down.

The other South's planning was much better, both in conception and execution. At the second trick he led Diamond Ten and overtook with dummy's Jack. East could not afford to win this trick, since South would then have nine tricks in the form of one spade, two hearts, five diamonds and at least one club. Having won Diamond King with dummy's Ace, take a second club finesse and set up his fifth club. South now has three tricks in the majors and six in the minors

# HOW

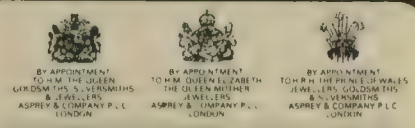


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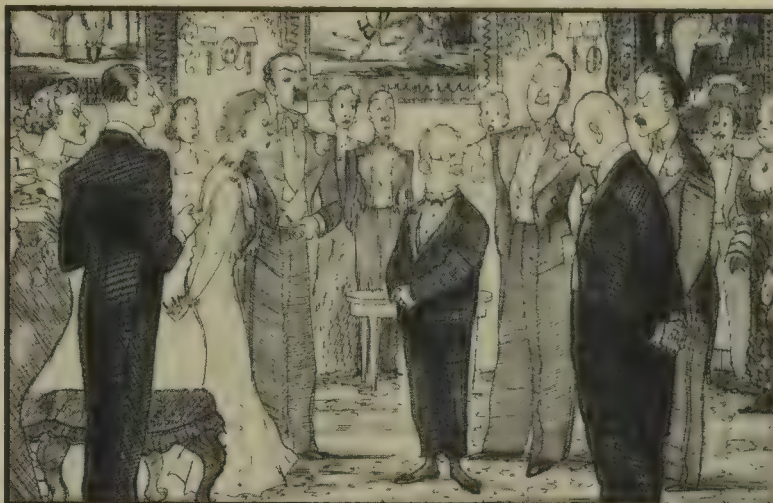
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# JUNE BRIEFING

## CALENDAR



*The British Character—Importance of Not Being an Alien, 1936, by Pont: a survey of English caricature & satire opens at the V&A on June 12.*

### Tuesday, June 11

Massed bands of the Queen's Division Beat Retreat on Horse Guards Parade (first of three performances) (p93)  
RSC players interpret Shakespeare on war & peace at the Olivier (p93)  
First night of *Children of a Lesser God* at Sadler's Wells (p87)  
Welsh National Opera open in Llandudno (p91)

□ First day of a State Visit by the President of Mexico

### Wednesday, June 12

Charity auction in aid of Help a Child to See at Middle Temple Hall (p93)  
New exhibitions: Rare Chinese Works of Art at Eskenazi (p94); English Caricature at the V&A (p95)  
The Prince & Princess of Wales attend the charity premiere of the new James Bond film, *A View to a Kill* (p89)  
*Figaro*, an abbreviated version of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, opens at the Ambassador's (p87)

### Thursday, June 13

John Craxton's work goes on show at Christopher Hull (p94)  
Composers' Guild birthday concert at the Wigmore Hall (p90)  
□ Royal International Horse Show at Birmingham, until June 16

### Friday, June 14

New film: Alan Parker's *Birdy* opens in the West End (p88)  
The Dorchester hosts the International Ceramics Fair, until June 17 (p93)  
*Arabella* at Glyndebourne (p91)  
□ The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, unveils the South Atlantic Campaign Memorial in St Paul's Cathedral

### Saturday, June 15

Trooping the Colour—the Queen takes the Salute at her official birthday

parade on Horse Guards (p93)

SSAFA Grand Spectacular & Antiques Fair at the Duke of York's Headquarters in Chelsea (p93)  
Dickens Festival starts in Broadstairs, Kent (p98)

### Sunday, June 16

André Previn music festival begins at the South Bank (p90)  
Oxford's Museum of Modern Art shows Mexico in Revolution, Edward Wright & John Hubbard (p95)

□ Fathers' Day

### Monday, June 17

Ridley Art Society's 88th exhibition opens at the Alpine Gallery (p94)  
British premiere of Philip Glass's *Akhmat* at the Coliseum; *Ariadne auf Naxos* at Covent Garden (p91)

□ The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh & the Queen Mother attend the Garter Service at St George's Chapel, Windsor

### Tuesday, June 18

First night of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre (p84)

Opera North open in Manchester & Welsh National Opera in Bristol (p91)  
Karen Paisey dances Lise in *La Fille mal gardée* at Covent Garden (p91)

□ New moon

### Wednesday, June 19

The National Theatre production of *Guys & Dolls* opens at the Prince of Wales Theatre (p84)

### Thursday, June 20

*Beauty & the Beast*, a new opera by Stephen Oliver, at St John's (p91)

### Friday, June 21

Military Musical Pageant at Wembley Stadium today & tomorrow (p93)  
Opening day of the London Original Print Fair at the Royal Academy (p93)

New exhibition: Image & Exploration at the Photographers' Gallery (p94)

New films: *Grace Quigley*, with Katharine Hepburn & Peter Bogdanovich's *Mask* (p88)

□ Longest day

### Saturday, June 22

Shura Cherkassky gives a recital at the Wigmore Hall (p90)

Start of Ludlow Festival (p98)

### Sunday, June 23

Montserrat Caballé gives a recital at Covent Garden, Kyung-Wha Chung & Krystian Zimerman a recital at the Festival Hall (p90)

### Monday, June 24

First day of the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon (p92)

Concert performance of Handel's *Giulio Cesare* at the Barbican (p90)

□ Midsummer Day

### Tuesday, June 25

London Antiquarian Book Fair opens at the Park Lane Hotel (p93)

Nicola Jacobs Gallery shows an exhibition on the theme of horses (p94)  
Opera North in Nottingham (p91)

### Wednesday, June 26

The V&A celebrates the work of three architects in its collection (p95)

□ The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a service in the Round Church, at the Temple, to celebrate the eighth centenary of the church's consecration

### Thursday, June 27

Cricket: first Test match against the Australians opens at Lord's (p92)

*La donna del lago* at Covent Garden (p91)

Gillian Armstrong's film *Mrs Soffel* opens, with Diane Keaton in the title role (p88)

### Friday, June 28

Howard Coster's photographic portraits of the 1920s & 30s go on show at the National Portrait Gallery (p94)

Pop group Dire Straits at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham (p92)

### Saturday, June 29

Final performances of *The Corn is Green*, with Deborah Kerr, at the Old Vic & of *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial*, with Charlton Heston (p87)

### Sunday, June 30

Last chance to see American Images at the Barbican (p94)

Vladimir Ashkenazy gives a recital at the Festival Hall (p90)

**Briefing researched by Angela Bird and Penny Watts-Russell**

Information is correct at time of going to press. See listings for further details. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers when calling from outside the capital.



THEATRE  
JC TREWIN

THE OPEN AIR Theatre at Regent's Park has had some celebrated Malvolios, among them Ernest Thesiger who, it was said, gazed at Feste like a Surrealist painter examining the work of Lord Leighton. Now John Moffatt, straight from the recent Haymarket *Way of the World*, joins the list when *Twelfth Night* opens in the Park on June 3, directed by Richard Digby Day who, at 44, is already a veteran Shakespearian. Michael Denison, himself a former Malvolio, is Sir Toby, and the three women are Alyson Spiro (Viola), Jenny Quayle (Olivia) and Ruth Madoc (Maria). Alyson Spiro is Hermia and Jenny Quayle the Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which Toby Robertson directs at the Open Air Theatre (premiere on June 18), with Patrick Rycart as Oberon, John McAndrew as Puck and Vincenzo Nicoli as Bottom.

□ The National Theatre brings its production of the "musical fable" *Guys and Dolls* to the Prince of Wales on June 19. Richard Eyre's original production is directed by Antonia Bird. Norman Rossington is Nathan Detroit, Clarke Peters plays Sky Masterson, Lulu is Miss Adelaide, and David Healy is Nicely-Nicely.



Lulu with Norman Rossington: *Guys and Dolls* returns to London on June 19.

## NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

## As You Like It

Adrian Noble's production is a messily staged, modern-dress affair, with much use of white sheets, that takes us a long way from Arden but would be a reasonably good performance if divorced from his superfluous theory of time standing still. As it is, it appears to be the work of an obtrusive director, anxious to do something new, oblivious to the fact that the comedy has got on well enough through nearly four centuries. Juliet Stevenson, as Rosalind, is rightly credible in love, less so in railery; she has a Scottish Orlando (Hilton McRae); Fiona Shaw waits pleasantly for her own love-at-first-sight; Nicky Henson gets round Touchstone rather better than most comedians, even if he has to fall into a brook; & Alan Rickman has studied Jaques, though I wish he would relax his studies during the Seven Ages. Joseph O'Connor, doubling as

the two Dukes, is at ease in the most peculiar circumstances. I realize that much thought has gone into the production, but too often the result is simply odd. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick (0789 295623, cc).

## Cavalcade

Noël Coward's pageant follows the fortunes of two families, upstairs & down, across the years. What count most are such scenes as the departure of the troopship for South Africa, the musical comedy pastiche, the mourning for Queen Victoria, & others that are peopled now—besides the professional cast—by a large body of local people who do their job most efficiently under David Gilmore's splendid direction. Joanna McCallum, Lewis Fiander & Elizabeth Estensen are thoroughly true in the journey across three decades; nobody can mock the last speech in which Coward, with complete sincerity, hopes for the return of dignity & grace. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312). Until July 20.

## Golden Girls

This may exasperate those who hold that a straight narrative is not enough. Louise Page's anecdote of women athletes facing an Olympics relay race has a number of side-issues, but at the last all we really want to know is who wins, & what happens afterwards. The race is extremely well managed, with imaginative strobe lighting; there is a

glum sequel which the dramatist, wisely, does nothing to soften. Not a major piece, it has its narrative qualities, & is acted in the right key by Josette Simon, Sarah Berger & (mischievously amusing as the representative of a shampoo firm that sponsors the squad) Polly James. The director is Barry Kyle. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

## ★ Hamlet

Critical response to any new Hamlet can be so various & contradictory that an actor must often despair. It can be said of Roger Rees that he seldom challenges any fierce contradiction. In some of his earlier soliloquies maybe, but he is examining the speeches, not letting them slide into the easier fluency. There are true pleasures: the advice to the Players, his delivery of "How all occasions", his later conduct of the colloquy with Horatio. Though he seldom excites in the grand manner, he is seldom dull, & always without eccentricity or exhibitionism. Mr Rees's Hamlet is genuinely from Elsinore. I shall certainly remember his very first scene &, on the battlements, his forewarning of the "antic disposition".

The production by Ron Daniels is direct enough, with some thoroughly sound major performances—especially by John Stride, who has taken over as the King—& good small-part work, as in Paul Gregory's Marcellus. Christopher Benjamin (another newcomer) deals customarily with Polonius. Frances Barber, who repeats her Ophelia, is not especially affecting; & I am still baffled by the presentation of the Ghost (Richard Easton) who speaks at the pitch of his lungs as if delivering a proclamation. I suppose that today any belief in the supernatural is unfashionable. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

## ★★ Martine

It is a hot morning in July. Under an apple tree at the edge of a cornfield the French peasant girl Martine sits to rest. Presently she is joined by a stranger from Paris seeking the road to the village. Attraction is immediate. The young man does not realize just what a flirtation may do; but it does lasting harm. When the girl, 18 months later, is married to a loutish well-meaning villager, with nothing before her but drudgery, her mind is still with the man, married now & about to go for ever from her life.

Jean-Jacques Bernard's play is intensely affecting, as much for what is spoken as for what is not. This is a beautifully managed piece, made more so by the clarity of Peter Hall's production (no interval, thank goodness), the imagination of Alison Chitty's four sets, & the acting of Wendy Morgan in her change from a girl suddenly enchanted to the lost woman of the final scene. Her performance covers a world of heartbreak. Andrew C. Wadsworth is truthful as the man. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

## ★ Old Times

When I first saw Harold Pinter's piece in 1971, I remember being ungratefully troubled by its ambiguities & wishing that, in the phrase of a rather older dramatist, his work could be "bold, & forth on". But that seems long ago. The play returns now richly: early grumblers have accepted Pinter's method, his entwining of the years, his fantasia of three people—two women & a man who, as past & present, memory & illusion, meet & flicker, address themselves, & the world at large, in the rhythms familiar to us now in Pinter's society. This is still not for anyone who needs a direct narrative; but

at the Haymarket this matters little when the language is spoken with so much calculated subtlety. The speakers are Nicola Pagett, Michael Gambon, &—her face alert to every shift in the dialogue—the Norwegian film actress, Liv Ullmann. David Jones has directed in the Pinter spirit. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). Until June 15.

## The Party

I could not help thinking of Tennyson's "Comrades, leave me here a little" as Trevor Griffiths's play moved at last from its long tracts of political argument, & the light of "early morn" strengthened. By then the people had dispersed, the political jargon had faded, & the man who had convened the gathering was alone, wondering what to make of it all.

This is a piece for the politically minded. If you know nothing about Marxism, & are bemused by the long Left-wheel, you may remain—like the Victorian ladies at *Antony & Cleopatra*—ready to consider the acting without wishing to understand the piece. Now & then, when real life does supervene briefly, it seems sad that Mr Griffiths does not give more attention to this instead of to arid abstractions.

The acting—certainly the speaking—is all it should be during two well-nigh interminable speeches, one by Roger Allam as a cocksure young academic, a second, by Ian McDiarmid as a veteran & doomed Glaswegian Trotskyite, both expressing far different beliefs. Mr McDiarmid, in the part Laurence Olivier created for the National Theatre Company at the Old Vic 12 years ago, is quite extraordinary during 20 minutes or so of complex rhetoric. It should be the lasting memory of a production in which Nicholas Woodeson (the helpless host), Roger Allam, & Malcolm Storry—as a drunk who, treated otherwise, might have been unbelievably tedious—do all loyalty & expertise can in circumstances which I found progressively trying. The Pit.

## Pravda

A sardonic title for a sardonic piece, modern Fleet Street observed by Howard Brenton & David Hare in a whirl of sub-comic fury. Though my first editors—one provincial, one in Fleet Street itself—would have reacted with horror, that, alas, was a primeval world. From the present often tiresome, near-Surrealist frenzy of cross-questions, crooked answers, & newsrooms at white heat, one grand performance emerges: Anthony Hopkins as an evil dictator from South Africa, prowling through the commotion like a tiger with a smile on its face. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

## Richard III

Anthony Sher is a formidable actor, but I regret his goblin-spider Richard, which is even more grotesque & acrobatic than at Stratford. The man should terrify; but Mr Sher leaves me unmoved. Bill Alexander has directed with all the theatricality that can be mustered, & many in the cast are excellent—particularly Malcolm Storry as Buckingham, Penny Downie's Lady Anne & Roger Allam's Clarence. Barbican.

## NEW PRODUCTIONS

## Antony &amp; Cleopatra

Robin Phillips directs Diana Rigg as Cleopatra, Denis Quilley as Antony & Norman Rodway as Enobarbus. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312). Until July 20.

## ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Recommended

○ Not for us



## Children of a Lesser God

Mark Medoff's appealing play about deafness with Jean St Clair as the deaf girl & Ron Aldridge as the man in love with her. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc). June 11-July 6.

## The Corn is Green

Deborah Kerr leads this revival of the play in which Emyln Williams remembers the personality of a teacher who influenced his youth. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until June 29.

## The Dance of Death

Keith Hack directs this new translation of Strindberg's play, with Alan Bates & Frances de la Tour. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354, cc). May 30-July 9.

## Feiffer's America

A political revue about American presidents from Eisenhower to Reagan. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565). Opens May 30.

## Figaro

Scaled-down version of Mozart's opera *The Marriage of Figaro*, set in the 1960s & using four musicians & a cast of six singers. Ambassador's, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc). Opens June 12.

## Guys & Dolls

See introduction. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844). Opens June 19.

## Henry V

Last year's Stratford production, with Kenneth Branagh's young, clear Henry. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

## Home

The Negro Ensemble Theatre Company with Samm-Art Williams's play about a young man's odyssey from farm to prison to city & back home to the farm again. Shaw, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394). May 28-June 15.

## The London Cuckolds

Until the mid-18th century, Edward Ravenscroft's Restoration farce used to be acted on Lord Mayor's Day at both Drury Lane & Covent Garden. The Leicester Haymarket Company perform John Byrne's new adaptation. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). June 6-29.

## Look to the Rainbow

Jack Gilford plays E. Y. Harburg, the American lyricist who wrote songs for *The Wizard of Oz*, *Finian's Rainbow* & other shows, in Robert Cushman's musical based on Harburg's life & writings. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

## A Midsummer Night's Dream

See introduction. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc). Opens June 18.

## Strippers

New play by Peter Terson about housewives in the North-East who strip in pubs & clubs to earn extra cash. Bill Maynard plays the strippers' agent. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (240 9661, cc 379 6433). Opens May 29.

## Today

Robert Holman's play has Roger Allam as a young North-Country schoolteacher trying to face the dilemmas of the changing world of the 1920s & 30s. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

## Troilus & Cressida

Anton Lesser & Juliet Stevenson play the title roles. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

## Twelfth Night

See introduction. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. Opens June 3.

## ALSO PLAYING

### ★Barnum

The swift return of the American circus musical is clearly for the sake of Michael Crawford whose performance of the famous showman is authoritative—certainly the most athletic in any West End musical. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

### Benefactors

Michael Frayn's closely argued variation on the theme of change. With Polly Adams, Clive Francis, Jan Waters & Glyn Grain. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc).

### ★Breaking the Silence

Alan Howard returns to the RSC as the husband & father in a transference of Stephen Poliakoff's curiously exciting & autobiographical piece set immediately after the Russian Revolution.



Gemma Jones, above, has her original part, & is joined by Jenny Agutter. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999). From May 28.

### ★★★The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial

One of the best "trial plays" in existence, this revival of Herman Wouk's drama brings Charlton Heston to the West End in a thoroughly persuasive performance. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc). Until June 29.

### Cats

Andrew Lloyd Webber's version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

### ★Coriolanus

Peter Hall's exciting production, with Ian McKellen as Coriolanus & Irene Worth as Volumnia. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

### ★Daisy Pulls It Off

Gabrielle Glaister now plays the new girl in Denise Deegan's parody of 1920s girls' school stories. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

### Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

### ★42nd Street

An American musical that is a benign example of show business at its unselfconscious best. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

### The Government Inspector

Gogol's broadly satirical comedy, under Richard Eyre, has some excellent ensemble playing. Rik Mayall, despite his pleasing personality, is not yet fully the actor for the young clerk mistaken as the feared inspector. Olivier.

### ★Jumpers

Even those unsure of the difference between legal positivism & moral absolutism should not miss Tom Stoppard's intellectual romp. Paul Eddington (in a surge of wandering eloquence) & Felicity Kendal are buoyantly in the midst of it all. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233).

### ● Little Shop of Horrors

Musical about a plant, a blend of cactus & octopus, that grows into a terror. An acquired taste. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

### ★Me & My Girl

Back to the Lambeth Walk, with such good players as Robert Lindsay & Frank Thornton to revive our memories of a loved pre-war musical. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 836 7358).

### ★The Merry Wives of Windsor

Presuming that the much-loved farce had to be done in modern (1950s) dress, this is doubtless as useful an attempt as any. The cast responds without stint. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

### The Mousetrap

Though now in its 33rd year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

### ★★★The Mysteries

From the National's Cottesloe Theatre, Bill Bryden's magnificent three-part version from the medieval mystery plays, *The Nativity*, *The Passion* & *Doomsday*, reaches the theatrically historic spaces of the Lyceum. Lyceum, Strand, WC2 (379 3055, cc). Until Aug 10.

### ★Noises Off

Everything that happens in Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce, *Nothing On*, the kind of wild touring business that can breed catastrophe. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219).

### ★On Your Toes

A grand musical, now with Doreen Wells dancing at all performances. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

### Other Places

Two-thirds of this Pinter triple bill is exciting—especially *A Kind of Alaska*, with Dorothy Tutin as the victim of sleeping sickness who wakes after 29 years—but the third play, a matter of torture in a police state, is regrettable. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc). Until June 6.

### Pump Boys & Dinettes

A pleasant concert of country music, with Joe Brown & Lynsey de Paul. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565) until June 14; Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565) from June 17.

### ★Run For Your Wife

Robin Askwith, Geoffrey Hughes & Bill Pertwee take over in Ray Cooney's hurricane farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

### ★★★She Stoops to Conquer

Goldsmith's comedy as it should be acted, especially by Tony Haygarth & Julia Watson. Lyttelton. National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

### Singin' in the Rain

Tommy Steele takes us through the worries of a Hollywood when the screen began to speak. Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc 734 8961).

### Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber & director, Trevor Nunn, play amiably at trains, & the roller-skaters flash up, down & round the theatre. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262).

### Stepping Out

Richard Harris's delightfully organized study of an amateur tap-dancing group is acted (& danced) with enthusiasm. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 9837).

### ★Two Into One

Ray Cooney's grand farce, with Michael Williams, Anton Rodgers & Kathy Staff. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

### ★★★Waste

Harley Granville-Barker's Edwardian masterpiece returns triumphantly in its RSC production by John Barton. Daniel Massey is the politician whose career is wrecked, & Judi Dench is the woman in the affair. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc 434 1050). Until July 27.

### West Side Story

Bernstein's gang-war musical (Sondheim lyrics) returns as freshly as though the Sharks & the Jets had never been away. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 6606, cc 930 4025).

### Why Me?

Although Stanley Price's comedy is not particularly memorable, Richard Briers as a newly redundant civil engineer seeing himself as another Job is often amusing to watch. Diane Fletcher, Polly Hemingway & Liz Smith support him. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

### ★Wild Honey

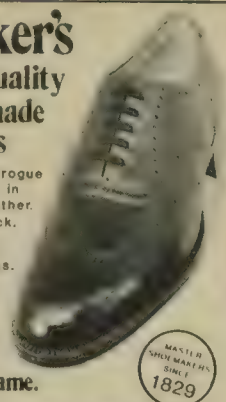
Michael Frayn's version of Chekhov's earliest play. Ian McKellen gives to the womanizing schoolmaster, Platonov, an irresistible sense of wild comedy. Lyttelton.

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# BRIEFING

## CINEMA

### GEORGE PERRY

BRITISH DIRECTOR Alan Parker has a new American star. Matthew Modine has appeared in John Sayles's *Baby, It's You*, Robert Altman's *Streamers*, Tony Richardson's *Hotel New Hampshire*, Gillian Armstrong's *Mrs Soffel* (opening in Britain this month) and now plays the title role in Parker's *Birdy* (reviewed below). The young actor was born in California, brought up in Utah and in 1979 began his acting training with Stella Adler in New York. As a measure of the good notices he has been getting he has been selected by Stanley Kubrick to be in his new film, and will be working in Britain.

□ I'm old enough to remember when Leslie Halliwell, now the compiler of *The Filmgoer's Companion* and the nation's leading television film buyer, ran the Rex, Cambridge, one of the most eccentric cinemas in Britain, being located in an obscure residential cul-de-sac at the top of one of the few hills in East Anglia. His quirky programming enhanced my film education. What a delight, therefore, is the autobiographical account of how his obsession with movies was formed. *Seats in All Parts* (Granada, £9.95) is recommended most highly to lovers of the cinema.

### NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

#### ★★★ *Birdy* (15)

It is America at the end of the 1960s. The trauma of Vietnam has smashed the face of one young man & reduced his best friend to a mute, naked figure, perched on his hospital bed in a bird-like posture, his youthful obsession with ornithology now in complete & insane command of his body. We see how they grew up together in a decrepit city neighbourhood, the one carried along with the other's extraordinary fascination with birds & the desire to soar in flight as they do.

Alan Parker's stature as a director is enhanced by this, his latest film, adapted by Sandy Kroopf & Jack Behr from the 1978 novel by William Wharton. The performances of Matthew Modine & Nicolas Cage as the two young men are affectionate, touching, humorous & ultimately terrifying, as the sane one seeks to break through the other's shell of unreason. The photography by Michael Sresin is exceptional, & sequences of bird flight convey a breathtaking exhilaration.

Strangely, Parker's film, in spite of its obvious quality, was ignored in the last Oscar scramble, no doubt because Hollywood is unwilling to allow a British director kudos for criticizing the policies that destroyed so many young Americans. Opens June 14. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (930 2738, cc).

#### ★★★ *The Breakfast Club* (15)

A quintet of teenagers is obliged to spend an entire Saturday in detention at their high school, & in the course of the day establish their respective characters & learn of each other's flaws.

In John Hughes's second study of high-school life we see only the five students & an unpleasant, burnt-out teacher, scarcely able to hold his own in conversation with the school janitor. Martin Sheen's son, Emilio Estevez, continues to show promise, playing an athlete of conventional views, while

Molly Ringwald is a "princess", a girl from a wealthy background who comes prepared with a packed *sushi* lunch. Judd Nelson is an undisciplined rebel, whose antisocial attitude stems from an unhappy home; Anthony Michael Hall is the swot of the group; & Ally Sheedy a girl who protects herself by compulsive lying & pretending to be crazy.

After spending an entire day in their company we emerge with some small understanding of them as human beings. As the time passes the ensemble cast move from phase to phase—sulking, hostility, rebellion, confession, unity—almost as if to a timetable. If anything it resembles an adult group-therapy marathon, but it is well-acted & watchable. Opens June 7. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (437 1234).

#### ★★★ *The Chain* (PG)

Moving house is as much a trauma as making love, & *The Chain* is a variant of *La Ronde*. We move up the scale in seven stages, from a teenager's room in Hackney to a Knightsbridge mansion, & end where we began. The nearest to an Anton Walbrook chorus figure is a veteran removal man & part-time philosopher played by Warren Mitchell. He has seen it all, knows how to dampen marital spats, ensure that his men are served their cups of tea at the correct moment, & convince a reluctant mover that the entire cosmos would come to a standstill if "the chain" is broken.

Jack Gold directs Jack Rosenthal's wittily-wrought screenplay with a fluent, consistent pace, which is not all that easy with this type of episodic, portmanteau plot where different sets of characters are picked up, briefly followed & then discarded. The cast is nicely selected, too, with Denis Lawson as a lazy young husband, Phyllis Logan & David Troughton as a nice, but wet, young couple, Nigel Hawthorne as the kind of householder who unscrews the light switches when he leaves, Anna Massey as his demoralized wife, Billie Whitelaw as a Greek widow, Judy Parfitt as an awful social climber & Leo McKern as a dying self-made man anxious to return to his roots.

The whole is a satisfying exercise in symmetry, with observant insights on humanity in a stressful situation. Opens May 31. Odeon, Haymarket.

Grace Quigley (not yet certificated)

Katharine Hepburn, an elderly woman living alone in New York, accidentally witnesses her odious landlord being murdered by a hitman, & follows the killer, who is



Matthew Modine in the title role of Alan Parker's film *Birdy*; opening on June 14.

played by Nick Nolte. She has a proposition for him: that he applies his shooting talents to her, & enables her to shuffle off the mortal coil without the burden of suicide. To reach his price she asks her friends & amazingly, discovers that it is a service other aged people require, & within a short time she & her new partner build up a business.

Apart from the improbability of the plot there is a tastelessness about the film, because Anthony Harvey, the director, doesn't seem to know how to handle black comedy.

Katharine Hepburn copes as well as she can with this dismal piece, but even she has difficulty in making us feel sympathetic for an old woman who wants to have a taxi driver bumped off because he cheated her. Opens June 21. Classic, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527).

#### ★★★ *The Innocent* (15)

A small boy growing up in the Depression-ridden rural Yorkshire of the early 1930s is witness to a marital triangle involving a wounded former officer, a woman in the village & her violent husband. The death of a beautiful kingfisher becomes a symbol of his own loss of innocence.

John Mackenzie directed this low-key drama, adapted by Ray Jenkins from a book by Tom Hart; its cast includes Miranda Richardson & Liam Neeson as the lovers, with Tom Bell & Kika Markham as the boy's parents, & Andrew Hawley & Kate Foster making their debuts as the young teenager & his girlfriend who initiates him into the mysteries of sexuality. Roger Deakins's cinematography evokes the atmosphere of the period, but there is an inescapable feeling that the film would have been better suited for the television screen. Opens May 31. Curzon West End, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (439 4805, cc).

#### ★★★ *Johnny Dangerously* (15)

Amy Heckerling's second feature film is a send-up of the gangster movie, an affectionate amalgam of virtually every known cliché in the genre. The tone is set right at the beginning when a superimposed title over a street scene, "New York 1930", is shattered by the wheels of a passing roadster. Michael

Keaton plays the title role, a clean-cut young man who secretly becomes a hoodlum in order to finance his widowed mother's constant operations, without letting on either to her or to his go-getting kid brother. Devotees of old movies will enjoy the respectful homage to their favourites, & in a climax set in a cinema there is even drama behind the screen while an audience watches James Cagney performing in *The Roaring Twenties*.

Peter Boyle plays an amiable crime boss; Marilu Henner is a nightclub torch singer who becomes Johnny's wife; Maureen Stapleton plays his silver-haired mom, usually seen behind a mountain of shirts waiting to be ironed, Joe Piscopo is Danny Vermin, the only gangster, it seems, who doesn't have a heart of pure gold. It all adds up to an amusing entertainment.

#### ★★★ *Mask* (15)

Rocky Dennis was a Californian teenager with an appalling handicap, an incurable & fatal facial disfigurement & a grotesquely enlarged skull. In spite of his frightening appearance he was remarkably sensitive & intelligent, & became a star pupil at his junior high school.

Peter Bogdanovich has filmed his story, which is both intriguing & moving. Rocky was brought up by an unconventional mother, a hard-living "biker" lady, & a whole phalanx of motor-cycle riding surrogate fathers, who treated him as normal, probably because to the straight middle-classes they also were freaks. Rocky, understandably unable to be close to girls, has an idyllic adolescent romance with a beautiful blind girl, but her staid, over-solicitous parents ensure that it goes no further.

Eric Stoltz, his natural features totally hidden by make-up every bit as horrifying as John Hurt's in *The Elephant Man*, is excellent as the brave, likeable Rocky, as are Sam Elliott & Harry Carey Jr as the leading bikers. The tough, yet vulnerable mother, as dependent on her son as he is on her, is played by the former pop star Cher with an almost ferocious attack—in a mere three films she is established as one of the best American screen actresses. In other hands the film might have been a depressing tear-jerker, but Bogdanovich, with a screenplay by a first-timer, Anna Hamilton Phelan, has come out with an impressive, compassionate tribute to a courageous spirit. Opens June 21. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 1234); ABCs Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990), Bayswater, Bishops Bridge Rd, W2 (229 4149), Edgware Rd, W2 (723 5901).

#### ★★★ *The Mean Season* (15)

Kurt Russell is a Miami crime reporter, anxious to please his girlfriend, Mariel Hemingway, by leaving the city to run a backwoods newspaper in Colorado. A crazed killer, apparently working through an array of victims to duplicate an atrocity in Vietnam, establishes a telephone relationship with the reporter leading to scoops, national fame & his eventual personal involvement in the crimes. There is a just-when-you-thought-it-was-safe climax, & a small amount of moralizing on the role of the Press in cases where circulation figures are put before police assistance.

Richard Jordan, the killer, is like something out of a video nasty, & the director, Philip Borsos, frequently resorts to cheap subjective camera shots accompanied by heavy breathing & plangent chords when only a red herring is in the offing. Opens May 31. Leicester Sq Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 5252, cc).

### ILN ratings

- ★★★ Highly recommended
- ★★ Recommended
- Not for us



# Mrs Soffel (PG)

The Australian director Gillian Armstrong, who made *My Brilliant Career*, has placed a woman at the centre of her first American film. Diane Keaton plays the wife of a prison warden who falls in love with a condemned murderer (Mel Gibson), then helps him & his brother to escape, going along with them on their flight.

It is a true story based on events in & around Pittsburgh in 1901. Luciana Arrighi's production design is very impressive, the upholstered Victorian décor of the warden's residence contrasting poignantly with the grim prison galleries on the other side of the steel dividing door. That apart, there is a dullness in the way the story is told, & the scenes of the fugitives on the run are not properly developed, although the capture & shooting has a quality suggesting that Ms Armstrong may yet become the first contemporary woman director to become a cult figure. Diane Keaton's performance is mercifully free of the mannerisms that marred earlier work, but there is not enough in the way she plays this one to call it compelling. Opens June 27. Plaza, Lower Regent St.

# Runaway (15)

Michael Crichton wrote & directed this police thriller, set in the near future where the miscreants are no longer human but robots who have gone adrift.

Tom Selleck plays a policeman whose job is to disarm these products of a hi-tech culture, assisted by a pretty policewoman played by Cynthia Rhodes. He discovers that an evil electronics genius, played by the sinister-looking Gene Simmons, is behind a series of robotically-perpetrated murders.

It is all neat, formula stuff (like James Stewart in *Vertigo*, Selleck has a fear of heights; like Clint Eastwood in *Tightrope*, he is a lone parent) & after the special effects have worn off, it settles into a conventional thriller mould. There is an exhilarating car chase in which the pursuers, looking like explosive soup bowls on castors, scud between the wheels of freeway traffic. The film was made in picturesque Vancouver. Opens June 21. Leicester Square Theatre.

# Steaming (18)

The last film of Joseph Losey is set in a crumbling London Turkish bath house threatened with demolition by the council, but the regulars, in between revealing their thoughts on the condition of women *vis-à-vis* men, organize militant opposition.

In an excessively theatrical piece, each of the main characters is given a chance to deliver what is virtually a monologue on her plight. The novelty is that the cast is entirely female, & for much of the time totally undressed. It was a huge success on the stage possibly for that reason, & there is an uncomfortable suspicion that, clothed, it would be a dull play, full of whingeing women. Sarah Miles & an extremely lively newcomer, Patti Love, are this year's joint winners of The Most Unabashed Actress in the Nude award; Vanessa Redgrave has a distant look as though she ought to be somewhere else; Brenda Bruce does a cockney char like a latter-day Irene Handl, & in her last film, a slimmed-down Diana Dors plays the bathkeeper, emphasizing the cruel loss to the film industry of her death. A young girl, Felicity Dean, playing a pudgy nitwit, may well be an actress to watch. But this will not be the film for which Losey is remembered. Opens May 31. Classics Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527), Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148), Chelsea, King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc), Odeon Kensington (602 6644, cc 602 5193).

# That's Dancing! (U)

Gene Kelly narrates this compilation of great dance sequences from films, written & directed by its co-producer, Jack Haley Jr. The film suffers from the self-imposed handicap of not repeating anything that appeared in the two *That's Entertainment* compilations, which means that much excellent MGM material is omitted. But, conversely, the net has been thrown more widely, encompassing not only Fred & Ginger, but Baryshnikov & John Travolta.

There are some rare clips, the only piece of film of Isadora Duncan dancing, a Ray Bolger number excised from *The Wizard of Oz* & an extended sequence of the incomparable Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. However, the inclusion of a few song lyrics would have eased the visual indigestion prompted by so many dancing feet. Opens May 31. Classics Tottenham Court Rd, Chelsea.

# A View to a Kill (not yet certificated)

Roger Moore plays 007 in this latest James Bond film, set in Paris, Chantilly, San Francisco & Iceland. Opens June 13. Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales in aid of The Prince's Trust & The British Deaf Association. June 12. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

## ALSO SHOWING

### American Dreamer (PG)

Rick Rosenthal's comedy thriller about an Ohio housewife who writes a pastiche of a series of best-selling thrillers is scarcely plausible, but JoBeth Williams & Tom Conti (as an Englishman who ghosts the real stories) manage to hold the enterprise together.

### The Bay Boy (15)

Kiefer Sutherland plays a boy growing up in Nova Scotia during the 1930s who witnesses a murder & finds himself in a dilemma about whether to betray the perpetrator. Liv Ullmann plays the boy's mother.

### ★The Cotton Club (15)

Francis Coppola's exhilarating film mixes the standard gangster story with social history & features a vivid reconstruction of the Harlem nightspot where the greatest black entertainers performed for white Manhattanites at the tail end of the Prohibition era.

### ★The Falcon & the Snowman (15)

John Schlesinger's new film is the true story of a young man (excellently played by Timothy Hutton) who, having given up the priesthood, works in a top-secret centre. Disgusted by evidence of CIA involvement in Australian politics, he peddles American secrets to the Russians with disastrous results.

### Falling in Love (15)

Disappointing film with Meryl Streep & Robert De Niro as two married people meeting casually & having a short, desperate affair around a railway timetable. The couple seem to communicate only in grunts & shrugs, & behave so foolishly that one wants to get up there & shake them.

### ★★★A Love in Germany (15)

A great central performance by Hanna Schygulla as a German mother, with an absent husband, having an affair with a Polish prisoner-of-war in 1941. Andrzej Wajda's film is a penetrating & unusual view of the Second World War.

### ★Micki & Maude (PG)

Dudley Moore is back on form in Blake Edwards's comedy about a happily-married television reporter who has an affair with a cellist. When wife & mistress become pregnant, he bigamously marries the cellist & maintains a hectic double life.

### Parker (15)

Bryan Brown is excellent as a businessman, released after being held by kidnappers, who becomes obsessed with solving the crime.

### ● Protocol (15)

In spite of some promisingly astringent satire at the beginning, this Herbert Ross film about a cocktail waitress (Goldie Hawn) who inadvertently saves the life of a visiting Arab ruler, goes inexplicably soft.

### She'll Be Wearing Pink Pyjamas (15)

Julie Walters & a group of women from assorted backgrounds meet on an Outward Bound course in the Lake District where a tough instructress puts them through various endurance tests. Rather predictably, they all rise to the challenge.

### ★Starman (PG)

Witty performance by Jeff Bridges as an extraterrestrial being who, by simulating Karen Allen's late husband, persuades her to help him travel across America to rendezvous with his mother ship. John Carpenter directs.

### ● Wild Geese II (15)

An American TV tycoon wants Rudolf Hess liberated from Spandau. Edward Fox arranges for Scott Glenn & a group of mercenaries to carry out his request.

### ★★Witness (15)

Peter Weir's excellent thriller—unusual, gripping & often tender—delineates Harrison Ford as a major star. Ford plays a police captain who is forced to hide out in an Amish community with a young widow (Kelly McGillis) whose eight-year-old son witnessed a drugs racket murder.

### Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

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Wednesday 31st July:  
**Goodwood House, Chichester**  
(Glorious Goodwood Week)  
A piano recital by Tamas Vasary  
Saturday 17th August:  
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Cher with Sam Elliott: hard-living bikers in Peter Bogdanovich's *Mask*, opening June 21.



# CLASSICAL MUSIC

## MARGARET DAVIES



TWO OF THE London orchestras are this month contributing to the festivities of the summer season. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and its new music director André Previn, above, are celebrating their association with a packed programme of more than 30 concerts and recitals on the South Bank from June 16 to 30. They will be joined by a number of internationally acclaimed artists including the pianists Vladimir Ashkenazy and Krystian Zimerman, violinists Pinchas Zukerman and Kyung-Wha Chung, the cellist Yo Yo Ma, Lucia Popp, soprano, Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and Thomas Allen, baritone. Ravi Shankar will play Indian classical music, and from the world of light entertainment Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Buddy Rich and his trio and the Pasadena Roof Orchestra are among those taking part.

□ The English Chamber Orchestra are holding a Thameside Festival from June 26 to July 9 and will give concerts in St George's Chapel, Windsor, St Anne's Church, Kew, St Paul's Cathedral and Fishmongers' Hall, as well as in the London concert halls. Full details from Raymond Gubbay, 387 4206; tickets from Keith Prowse, 741 9999.

### CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

#### ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

**Bach Choir.** June 26, 7.30pm. A celebration of the music of Hubert Parry, which will include his coronation anthem, *I was glad*. The Lotos Eaters. *Blest Pair of Sirens*, *The Soul's Ransom* & *Jerusalem*, with Jennifer Smith, soprano, Stephen Varcoe, baritone, & the Philharmonia Orchestra. The conductor is David Willcocks.

#### ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL

Box office: Aldeburgh Foundation, Aldeburgh, Suffolk (072 885 3543, cc). June 7-23.

Handel, Bach & Scarlatti figure prominently on the programme in this tercentenary year. The festival opens with a production of Handel's *Rodelinda*, performed by students of the **Britten-Pears School**, conducted by Stuart Bedford & produced by Basil Coleman (June 7, 14). The **English Chamber Orchestra**, under George Malcolm, play the six Brandenburg Concertos (June 12) & **Andras Schiff**, piano, the Goldberg Variations (June 21). **George Malcolm** plays Scarlatti sonatas on the harpsichord in Blythburgh Church (June 15). **Sir Peter Pears** takes part as speaker in a concert to celebrate his 75th birthday (June 22) & works by Benjamin Britten will be performed at various concerts & recitals.

#### BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). **London Symphony Orchestra.** June 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 13, 15, 20, 27, 29, 7.45pm, June 23, 7.30pm. The LSO at their home base throughout the month play Beethoven's Symphony No 7

under Richard Hickox (June 1); Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 1, with Ivo Pogorelich, & Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with Viktoria Mullova, conducted by Claudio Abbado (June 8); Mozart's Symphony No 40 & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 5 (June 13), Schubert's Symphony No 9 & Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* (June 15), both concerts under Lorin Maazel; Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with Pierre Amoyal, & Dvořák's *New World Symphony* (June 27), Beethoven's Symphony No 6 & Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sheherazade* (June 29), both concerts conducted by Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos.

**Concertgebouw Orchestra.** June 9, 3.30pm. As part of the Mahler 1985 festival, Leonard Bernstein conducts Mahler's Symphony No 9.

**Academy of London.** June 24, 7.15pm. The American mezzo-soprano Tatiana Troyanos sings the title role in a concert performance of Handel's *Giulio Cesare*. **Abbey Opera/Chelsea Opera Group.** June 28, 7.15pm. Pauline Tinsley sings Turandot & John Treleven sings Calaf in a concert performance of Puccini's opera.

#### GREENWICH FESTIVAL

Box office: 25 Woolwich New Rd, SE18 (317 8687, cc 855 5900). May 31-June 16. **Paul Patterson** is the featured composer of the festival, during which 11 of his works for various combinations of instruments & voices will be performed. The **Thomas Tallis Society Choir** give the first performance of Patterson's *Missa Brevis*, which was commissioned by the festival, along with works by Bach & Tallis, who died 400 years ago

(St Alfege Church, June 16). The **English Chamber Orchestra**, with the distinguished French flautist Jean-Pierre Rampal, play Bach, Mozart & Patterson's *Sinfonia* for Strings (Royal Naval College Chapel, June 5). **Meridian Chamber Choir & Orchestra** perform Handel's *Israel in Egypt* (St Alfege Church, June 1). **Steven Isserlis**, cello, plays two Cello Suites by Bach & works by Elizabeth Maconchy & Imogen Holst (Chapel of Trinity Hospital, June 4). The **Royal Naval College Chapel Choir & Orchestra** perform Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (June 10).

#### KENWOOD LAKESIDE

Hampstead Lane, NW3. Box office: Royal Festival Hall, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**National Philharmonic Orchestra.** June 8, 8pm. Brian Wright conducts Wilfred Josephs's *Overture Kenwood*, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* & Tchaikovsky's *Overture 1812*, with effects.

**London Mozart Orchestra.** June 15, 8pm. Harry Blech, the orchestra's founder, conducts Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, Weber's *Clarinet Concerto No 2*, with Angela Malsbury as soloist, & Beethoven's *Symphony No 7*.

**Philharmonia Orchestra.** June 22, 8pm. This is a Kenwood Prom, with seating on the grass only, at which Christopher Adey conducts music by Bach & Handel.

**Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.** June 29, 8pm. Harold Farberman conducts music by Rimsky-Korsakov & Rachmaninov, & Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No 5*.

#### RANGER'S HOUSE

Chesterfield Walk, SE10. Box office: Royal Festival Hall, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Sunday evening concerts in the Gallery marking the tercentenary of Bach, Handel & Scarlatti. June 2, 9, 16, 23, 7.30pm. **English National Opera** in concert. Bach *Partitas* & excerpts from Handel's *Julius Caesar*, *Semele* & *Xerxes* (June 2). **Harold Lester**, Bach & Scarlatti played on a 1750 forte-piano (June 9). **London Harpsichord Ensemble.** Bach, Quantz, Handel, Telemann & Vivaldi (June 16). **Trio Gardellino.** Vivaldi, Handel, Bach & Platti (June 23).

#### ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**Montserrat Caballé.** June 23, 8pm. The distinguished Spanish soprano gives a recital of operatic arias & Spanish songs, the proceeds from which will be used to launch the Alfred Alexander Scholarship for young singers of promise. Dr Alexander was a laryngologist who cared for many singers who have performed at Covent Garden.

#### SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

(FH = Festival Hall, EH = Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR = Purcell Room)

**Vivaldi Concertante.** June 1, 9, 3.15pm. Two programmes of Handel & Vivaldi, conducted by Joseph Pilbery, with the Allegri Singers. FH

**Pascal Rogé**, piano. June 2, 3pm. The much admired French pianist plays Bach, Brahms, Berg & Beethoven. EH

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** June 4, 7.30pm. Antal Dorati conducts Brahms's Violin Concerto, with Nathan Milstein, violin, & the *Symphony No 2*. FH

**Handel Opera Chorus & Orchestra.** June 4, 7.45pm. Elizabeth Vaughan, soprano, & Ryland Davies, tenor, sing arias from Handel operas, conducted by Charles Farncombe. EH

**The Yale Discovery.** June 5, 6, 7, 5.55pm. The first performance in Europe of 33 Choral Preludes by J. S. Bach recently discovered in Yale University library. Nicholas Danby,

Gillian Weir & John Scott each play 11 of these pieces in their recitals as part of the Celebrating 1685 organ series. EH

**London Orpheus Choir & Orchestra.** June 8, 7.45pm. Concert performance of Handel's *Semele*, conducted by James Gaddam. EH **Claudio Arrau.** June 10, 7.30pm. The eminent pianist plays Beethoven's *Les Adieux* & *Appassionata* Sonatas & Liszt's *Sonata* in B minor. FH

**Basically Beethoven.** June 12, 13, 21, 7.30pm. Hanover Band continue their series performed on period instruments. PR

**André Previn Music Festival.** June 16-30.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** June 16, 17, 19, 20, 25, 27, 29, 30, 7.30pm. Each conducted by André Previn. Vladimir Ashkenazy gives the first London performance of Previn's Piano Concerto (June 16); Pinchas Zukerman plays Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (June 17); Ashkenazy plays Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4 (June 19); Pinchas Zukerman & Yo Yo Ma play the Brahms Double Concerto (June 20); Yo Yo Ma plays Elgar's Cello Concerto (June 25); Janet Baker & Thomas Allen sing excerpts from Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (June 27); Lucia Popp & Thomas Allen are soloists in the Brahms Requiem (June 29, 30). FH

**Pinchas Zukerman**, violin, **Marc Neikrug**, piano. June 18, 7.30pm. Sonatas by Beethoven & Prokofiev. FH

**Kyung-Wha Chung**, violin, **Krystian Zimerman**, piano. June 23, 7.30pm. Sonatas by Beethoven, Schumann & Respighi. FH

**Yo Yo Ma**, cello, **Kathryn Stott**, piano. June 28, 7.45pm. Music by Beethoven, Schubert, George Crumb, Brahms/Ma. EH

**Vladimir Ashkenazy**, piano. June 30, 3pm. Schubert & Schumann programme. FH

#### WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

**Cantanti Camerati.** June 2, 7.30pm. The group formed in 1968 to study the English Madrigal perform music by Dowland, Weelkes, Wilbye, Bateson, Grainger, Parry, Stanford & Morley, with Phillida Bannister, contralto, under Geoffrey Bowyer.

**Josef Suk**, violin; **Josef Hala**, piano. June 4, 7.30pm. The great Czech violinist, great grandson of Dvořák, plays Dvořák, Janáček, Brahms, Beethoven & Smetana.

**Nash Ensemble.** June 12, 26, 7.30pm. Two first performances by this eminent chamber group, conducted by Lionel Friend: John Bull's *Of Three Shakespeare Sonnets*, with Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano (June 12); Robin Holloway's *Serenade* (June 26). Plus works by Chausson, Brahms, Tippett & Mozart.

**Composers' Guild of Great Britain.** June 13, 7.30pm. A 40th anniversary concert featuring music by two past presidents. Vaughan Williams & Bliss, & by five surviving founder members: William Alwyn, Alan Bush, Arnold Cooke, Edmund Rubbra & the current president Lennox Berkeley.

**Nelly Miricioiu**, soprano, **David Harper**, piano. June 20, 7.30pm. The Rumanian soprano sings Rimsky-Korsakov, Ravel, Liszt, Mozart & Reynaldo Hahn. **Shura Cherkassky**, piano. June 22, 7.30pm. Mendelssohn, Schubert, Beethoven, Stravinsky & Liszt by this keyboard virtuoso.

#### WILDE FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

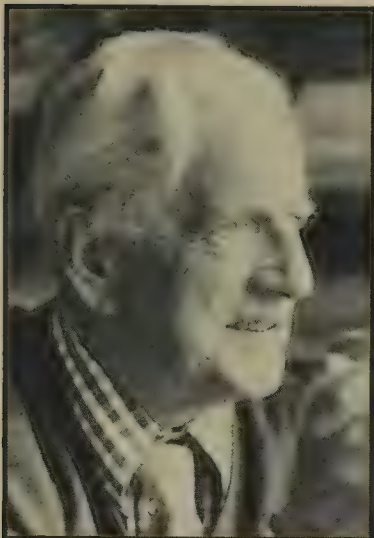
South Hill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell, Berks (0344 484123, cc). June 28-30.

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## BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW



Peter Pears: 75th birthday concert at the Aldeburgh Festival on June 22.

mières of two festival commissions: one by Daryl Runswick, to be played by the **Contemporary Chamber Orchestra**; & Symon Clarke's *Metoikos*, for brass, percussion & two solo singers (Jane Manning & Mary King), played by the **London Gabrieli Brass**.

## OPERA

## ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

It's Egyptian month at the Coliseum, starting with a revival of *Aida*, produced by John Copley, in Stefanos Lazaridis's monumental golden sets. The Australian soprano Marilyn Richardson sings *Aida* & Eduardo Alvares makes his ENO début as Radamès. Amneris is sung by Margreta Elkins & Amonasro by Neil Howlett (June 4, 7, 12, 15, 18, 21, 26). Then on June 17 the company gives the British première of *Akhnaton* by Philip Glass—the first of his operas to be seen in this country. It concerns the rise & fall of the Pharaoh Akhnaten & his wife Nefertiti, & lays claim to bridge the worlds of classical & rock music, combining traditional western music with influences from India, North Africa & Central Asia. It will be conducted by Paul Daniel & produced by David Freeman with Christopher Robson as Akhnaten & Sally Burgess as Nefertiti (June 17, 20, 22, 24, 25, 27, 28).

There are four more performances of the superbly sung *Madam Butterfly*, admirably conducted by John Mauceri, in Graham Vick's perceptively probing production with its dramatic extremes of lighting. Janice Cairns's *Butterfly* has grown in intensity & authority as she progresses from ecstatic child-bride to self-deluding deserted wife, living in squalor. Rowland Sidwell is convincingly crass as the infatuated but uncaring Pinkerton & Della Jones is the almost clairvoyant Suzuki (June 6, 8, 11, 14). **The Midsummer Marriage**, in a new production by David Pountney, continues until the season ends on June 29 (June 1, 5, 13, 19, 29).

**GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA** Lewes, E Sussex (0273 812411). Until Aug 14.

Richard Strauss's *Arabella* is revived in the production mounted last year by John Cox. Julia Trevelyan Oman's scrupulously observed period settings re-create hotel interiors & a ballroom in the Vienna of the 1860s with a fascinating complexity of detail. Felicity Lott sings the title role; Peter

Weber as Mandryka, Katalin Farkas as Zdenka, Elisabeth Glauser as Adelaide & Ernst Gutstein as Waldner all make their Glyndebourne débuts; & Karen Beardsley sings the *Fiakermilli*. Andrew Davis conducts (June 14, 17, 20, 22, 25, 27, 30).

**Carmen** continues under Bernard Haitink in Peter Hall's new production with Maria Ewing in the title role & Barry McCauley (not as originally announced) singing Don José (June 1, 5, 8, 13, 15, 21, 26, 29). **La Cenerentola** has a change of cast from June 7 when Kathleen Kuhlmann takes over as Angelina from Carolyn Watkinson (June 2, 4, 7, 9, 11, 16, 23, 28).

## MUSICA NEL CHIOSTRO

St John's Smith Sq, SW1 (221 1061). June 20-22, 23 matinée.

The company which has hitherto been associated with the repertory of the 17th & 18th centuries—works by Peri, Cesti, Mozart & Handel—is giving the British première of *Beauty & the Beast* by Stephen Oliver, the prolific composer of some 20 operas & stage & film music. It will be played by eight musicians on more than 60 instruments, ranging from the medieval bowed psaltery & hurdy-gurdy to the vibraphone & synthesizer, conducted by Graeme Jenkins, directed by Graham Vick & designed by Russell Craig, & the cast includes Anne Mason as Beauty & Robert Dean as the Beast.

## OPERA NORTH

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351/440971, cc). May 28-June 15. Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012). June 18-22. Theatre Royal, Nottingham (0602 472328, cc). June 25-29.

**The Mastersingers of Nuremberg**, the company's most challenging undertaking to date, opens the summer at Leeds. It will be conducted initially by David Lloyd-Jones, Opera North's music director, & his assistant, Clive Timms, takes over at later performances. The Czechoslovakian production team—Ladislav Strös, producer, Vladimir Nyvlt, set designer, & Josef Jelinec, costume designer—are working for the first time with Opera North & the cast are all new to their roles. The American tenor Denes Striny makes his British début as Walther. Hans Sachs is sung by Michael Burt, Eva by Marie Slorach, Beckmesser by Nicholas Folwell, Magdalena by Della Jones, David by Bonaventura Bottone & Pogner by John Tranter. The opera will be sung in English. The repertory is completed by Verdi & Massenet, both sung in the original language. **Il trovatore**, in the controversial modern production by Andrei Serban, designed by Michael Yeagan, returns with the American soprano Wilhelminia Fernandez making her British début as Leonora. In *Werther* the Corsican tenor Tibère Raffalli makes his British début in the title role & Charlotte is sung by Cynthia Buchan.

## ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

In a laudable attempt to cut costs, two productions new to Covent Garden but already seen in Paris & Houston will be shown this month. By arrangement with the Paris Opéra, *Ariadne auf Naxos* will be produced by Jean-Louis Martinoty in sets by Hans Schavernoeh, borrowed from Paris, & costumes by Lore Haas. It will be conducted by Jeffrey Tate with Jessye Norman singing the title role, Ann Murray & Jeanne Piland sharing the role of the Composer, Kathleen Battle/Celina Lindsley as Zerbinetta, & James King as Bacchus (June 17, 20, 22, 25, 28).

Attention focuses on London Contemporary Dance Theatre's season at Sadler's Wells from June 3 to 8—only a week, but the company present two programmes both of which include a new work by Siobhan Davies, *Bridge the Distance*. It is set to Britten's Third String Quartet, written for the Amadeus, and has designs by David Buckland. With this London première will be given Cohan's poetic *Skyward*, Jobe's noisy and vigorous *Rite Elektrik*, and two roughly parallel ballets, Taylor's *Esplanade* and Cohan's *Agora*, both of which explore in very different ways the full range of modern dance. It is sad to note that the LCDT season at the Wells is followed there, until July 6, by a four-week season of drama, thus losing this month one of the few venues for dance in London. We could surely have done with another week of LCDT?

The Royal Ballet offers only two alternative programmes this month: a triple bill of *La Bayadère*, Bintley's *Consort Lessons* and *A Month in the Country*, and *La Fille mal gardée*. In the last-named the most interesting casting is on June 18, when Karen Paisey dances Lise with Bruce Sansom as her Colas.

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet is at the Birmingham Hippodrome from June 10 to 15 and the season includes the première of another new work by David Bintley, who is exhibiting the fecundity of youth. The première is on June 14, and the performance will be given as part of 1985's International Youth Year celebration.

National Video Corporation are going into ballet, and opera, in a big way with the launch of three ballets, with more to come, and nine operas. The first three are the Royal Ballet's *Manon*, with the classic cast of Jennifer Penney and Antony Dowell, and

two from the Kirov: *Giselle*, with Galina Mezentseva and Konstantin Zaklinsky, and *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Irina Kolpakova and Sergei Bereznoi. Although I do not find ballet completely satisfactory on film, as the viewer is at the mercy of cameramen, some of whom are tricky and idiosyncratic to a surprising degree, British audiences will welcome the opportunity to have available one of our own modern favourites, and two examples of the work of a company which has deservedly preserved its reputation for superb dancing, even if not for design. The recordings cost £39.50 each—roughly the price of two seats for one live performance.

Finally I can recommend a book for enthusiasts and scholars: *Tchaikovsky's Ballets*, by the Associate Professor of Music at the University of Michigan, Roland John Wiley (Oxford University Press, £28.50). He provides a detailed analysis of the music of *Swan Lake*, *Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker*, with discussions about and descriptions of the first performances of these ballets, and of the revival of *Swan Lake* in 1895 by Petipa and Ivanov. There are translations of the ballets' libretti, Petipa's instructions to the composer and the ballet-master's plans—and, as you might expect in a work of this stature, a bibliography and an index. Though not for the dilettante, for the true aficionado of the three prime classical ballets, the book fully justifies its high price.

## Box offices:

**Royal Ballet**, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**Sadler's Wells**, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc).

**Hippodrome**, Hurst St, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc).

## SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000). June 5, 8 matinée, 11, 13, 15.

The concluding event of the season will be the world première of *Hedda Gabler*, a three-act opera by Edward Harper, which was commissioned by the BBC for Scottish Opera. The libretto is based on a recent translation by Michael Meyer of the play by Ibsen—and it is surprising that more composers have not been inspired by this dramatist's works. The performance will be conducted by the composer, directed by Graham Vick & designed by Russell Craig. The principal roles will be sung by Kathryn Harries (Hedda), William Neill (Loeborg), Robert Dean (Tesman) & Anne Mason (Mrs Elvsted).

## WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Astra Theatre, Llandudno (0492 76522). June 11-15. Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444, cc 0272 213362). June 18-22.

An all-Italian repertory of Verdi, Bellini & Puccini for the company's summer tour. **Rigoletto** is conducted by Richard Armstrong in a new production by Lucian Pintilie designed by Radu & Miruna Boruzescu, the team responsible for WNO's revolutionary *Carmen*, with Donald Maxwell as Rigoletto, Anne Dawson as Gilda & Dennis O'Neill as the Duke of Mantua.

Suzanne Murphy, who has taken principal parts with the company for nine years, sings the title role in *Norma*, produced by Andrei Serban, with Rachel Gettler making her British début as Adalgisa & Arthur Davies as Pollione. John Copley's production of *Tosca* returns with Josephine Barstow in the name part, the Icelandic tenor Kristian Johannsson as Cavaradossi & Anthony Baldwin as Scarpia.



Marilyn Horne: Royal Opera, June 27.

Ten days later Rossini's *La donna del lago*, last given at Covent Garden in 1851, and which is based on *The Lady of the Lake* by Walter Scott, opens in a co-production with Houston Grand Opera with Frederica Von Stade as Elena, Marilyn Horne as Malcolm, Chris Merritt as Uberto, conducted by Lawrence Foster. The producer is Frank Corsaro, set designer Ming Cho Lee & costumes by Jane Greenwood (June 27, 29).

At the beginning of the month Colin Davis conducts a revival of *Così fan tutte* with Margaret Price making an all-too-rare appearance here as Fiordiligi (June 1, 4, 8, 13, 15). There are also further performances of *La Bohème* with Ana Maria Gonzalez as Mimì & Dénes Gulyás as Rodolfo (June 3, 6).



## POPULAR MUSIC

DEREK JEWELL

The British band, **Dire Straits**, who shot to fame swiftly a few years ago and have appeared to hold on to their popularity without over-exerting themselves, make a long-awaited return to performance at the end of this month.

They open the tour with four nights at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham (021-780 4133) from June 28 to July 1; they play at the Brighton Centre (0273 202881) on July 2, 3, then follow up with a record 12 consecutive nights (July 4 to 15) at Wembley Arena (902 1234)—a mighty achievement. Obviously, you will need to book well ahead. Hence the early warning.

**Foreigner** appear for three nights at Wembley Arena (June 14 to 16). For years the group ruled the roost with inoffensive AOR (adult-oriented rock) in America—one of them is a British rock-and-roll veteran to boot—without making any real impact in this country. Then, last autumn, one special song, "I Want to Know What Love Is", got them off the ground, roared up to Number One in the singles charts, and put their album into the charts as well.

The heavy-metal band, **Deep Purple**, who once had some pretensions towards musical literacy, is also at Wembley Arena—on June 22. I would rather be listening to the intelligent songs of **Chris Rea**, who is at the Hammersmith Odeon (748 4081) on June 2.

The come-back tour of **Jacques Loussier**, doing his "Play Bach" routine in celebration of the master composer's tercentenary, continues. You can hear him with his new trio (somehow even sharper and spunkier than the last) at the Cliff Pavilion, Southend-on-Sea (0702 351135) on June 1, the Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544) the next day, and London's Festival Hall (928 3191) on June 6. Other dates fairly close to London are at the Slough Fulcrum (0753 38669) on June 7, and the Greenwich Borough Hall (317 8687), as part of the Greenwich Festival, on June 12.

On June 2, Ronnie Scott's (439 0747) are presenting one of their special Sunday evening shows which features **Gil Scott-Heron**. Born in Tennessee and brought up in New York, he is a tough and acerbic performer with considerable all-round talents. Singer, lyricist, poet, writer, his special kind of strong and exhortatory lyrics make his

songs rather more than the average jazz ballad. Ronnie Scott's has details of seat reservations. Scott-Heron performs on June 3 at the Greenwich Festival.

It does seem very much a time for jazz guitarists at Scott's: **Bireli Lagrene**, who finishes his week on June 1, is followed by the classic player, **Charlie Byrd** (June 3 to 8), and then by the man who is perhaps the greatest of them all, **Joe Pass** (June 24 to July 6). Between Byrd and Pass (June 10 to 22) is that wonderful American singer, **Betty Carter**, whose work seems to get more adventurous and affecting as she grows older.

Dates at the Pizza Express (437 7215) include **Humphrey Lyttelton's Band** on June 1, and four nights (June 12 to 15) of a welcome American visitor, **Benny Waters**, who appears with the **Eddie Thompson Trio** in support. Charlie Byrd is also appearing one night here on June 19.

There are also some very interesting jazz dates, all in a row, at the Royal Festival Hall, where a series of mainly classical concerts promoted by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra includes on June 22 **Buddy Rich**, this time in a trio rather than a big band context, **Oscar Peterson** on June 26 and **Ella Fitzgerald** on June 28.

June is also a very special month for the Ritz, whose cabaret tradition has become a most valued and apparently permanent part of the London scene since it was born again in March last year. In most months, of course, it is a two-night-a-week event, but in June the superb duet of **Marian Montgomery** and the composer/pianist/singer **Richard Rodney Bennett** will be appearing each Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Their show, perhaps not as widely known as it deserves, is a mélange of great popular songs from the 1920s to the present, including American classics, blues, Gershwin, Porter, Sondheim, and, of course, Bennett. Among Bennett's many compositions is the score for the film of the Agatha Christie thriller, *Murder on the Orient Express*. The Ritz, inevitably, is not cheap, but they have a quite excellent and not particularly expensive supper menu, and to sit in that classic restaurant, with the chandeliers and marble and palms, is an experience everyone should have at least once in their life.



Dire Straits on tour: first stop the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, June 28-July 1.

## SPORT

FRANK KEATING

ONE LEAN, po-faced, middle-aged man with the sallow pallor of a wax-work will upstage even those in the Royal Box at Epsom on the first Wednesday of the month. Lester Piggott will be riding in his final Derby. He has won the classic of classics nine times. His ambition has long been to make it 10. A year or so back I was involved in making Jeff Goddard's colourful television biography on the taciturn, incomparable horseman. We ended the film with the inevitable question. When would he retire? A deadpan stare, then the nervous little chuckle—"When I've won 10 Derbys". And he held your gaze until there was an absolute certainty about the statement. Now the time has come. . . Piggott has ridden almost 4,500 winners (and countless more overseas) since his first at Haydock Park on the afternoon of August 18, 1948. It is hard to credit the length of his career: Lester was first past the post when Attlee was Prime Minister and Joe Louis was heavyweight champion. Only three days before he won the Wigan Lane Selling Handicap on a 10-1 shot, *The Chase*, the closing ceremony of the London Olympic Games was held—and Don Bradman was playing his final Test match innings at The Oval. Lester was 12 years old and weighed 5 stone. Afterwards he touched his cap to the *Daily Express* reporter and said: "It was terrific, sir. I rode the last 5 furlongs hard and managed to pull ahead." His mother told the same reporter, "He's just an ordinary boy. Don't make a fuss of him."

## HIGHLIGHTS

## CRICKET

*Cornhill Insurance Test series, England v Australia:* June 27-29, July 1, 2, Lord's.

*Texaco Trophy, England v Australia:* June 3, Lord's.

Australian cricketers never feel they are playing an "away" fixture when they take the field at Lord's—the "Cathedral of Sport & Sportsmanship", as their cricket-mad former Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, once called the stately green acres in St John's Wood. These matches will be more like old-time Tests: the place will be packed but there will be a more solemn hush of concentration about the contest than that engendered last year. Then the West Indians humiliated England to the exuberant accompaniment of steel bands & calypso rhythms which helped to raise the sap of the superbly hostile cadre of fast bowlers.

Australia, being the ancient enemy, knows better the traditional, tight-lipped form. At the end of the Second World War, a series of "Victory" Tests was held at Lord's. At a celebration lunch the Australian Prime Minister of the time, John Curtin, proposed the toast to "cricket". In doing so, he looked across the old ground & indicated the wicket in the middle. "Australians," he said, "will never cease in their fight for those 22 yards. Indeed, Lord's—its grass, its buildings & its traditions—belongs to Australia just as much as to England."

## GLIDING

*Open Class National Championship, Lasham Airfield, Alton, Hants.* June 15-23. Pass by Lasham's exposed airfield high on the Hampshire ridge around Midsummer's Day & you could feel you are being eerily hemmed in by an overhead flock of sinister unsquawking, giant seagulls. The National Gliding Championships might start & (for some at least) end at Lasham but the real venue for this most sublime of sports is the whole breadth of the wide blue yonder. At championship level, it is highly competitive. One pilot told me last year, "We cannot actually steal a rival's thermal, but we can make it very uncomfortable for him; we can overtake, or we can hang on a tail, slipstreaming, & put on terrible pressure, as in a Grand Prix motor race. Some pilots are ruthlessly aggressive, dipping their wings under another's fuselage after soaring in on the blind side: that can be very frightening."



Lester Piggott: final Derby on June 5.

For the most part, there remains the magical sensation of stillness & tranquillity.

## HORSE RACING

*The Derby, Epsom, Surrey.* June 5. See introduction.

## TENNIS

*Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, SW19.* June 24-July 7.

The Millionaires' Club reassembles for its British bunfight about oodles of booty. This year Wimbledon calmly increased its prize-money, so that there is now a staggering amount in the kitty. Only the snarling "sportsmen" will benefit if the tournament continues its way of recent years, now proud almost to be an Americanized version of a once traditionally English institution. Except for the chosen few, not many of those who throng to SW19 will get to see much tennis: they will mill about the course in an uncomfortable jostle—pleased only to say they have been there—before being ripped off by the queue-for-everything caterers, one of whom last year charged me 33p for each scrawny, tasteless strawberry on a cardboard platter & the price of 10, gallons of petrol for a bottle of lukewarm, non-vintage champagne. And even the players don't seem to like playing there much, judging by their petulant whines, which will doubtless be assailing the air once more. The Dan Maskell style of Wimbledon is far preferable, I can tell you.



# LONDON MISCELLANY

## PENNY WATTS - RUSSELL

## EVENTS

May 31-June 16. **Greenwich Festival 1985.** The free open-air concert & fireworks spectacular opens the festival's 200 events. Cutty Sark Gardens, SE10, May 31, 7pm. Highlights include **Derek Jacobi**, in *Don Juan in Love*, presenting an anthology of poetry & prose that charts the art of seduction (June 2), **Brian Johnson** hosting a cricket forum (June 8), **The Great All Day DJ Dance Convention** (June 2) & a specially commissioned musical dance-drama, **Vulture Culture**, involving 125 local children (June 5-8, 12-15). Full details from Greenwich Festival box office, 25 Woolwich New Rd, SE18 (317 8687).

June 4, 6pm. **Francis Bacon reassessed.** One of the talks in the ICA's series Art & its Critics. Bacon's achievement is examined by Richard Francis, organizer of the current retrospective at the Tate Gallery, Dawn Ades, co-author of *Francis Bacon* (Thames & Hudson) & critic Richard Cook. ICA, The Mall, SW1 (930 3647). £1.50, bookable in advance (plus 50p day pass).

June 5-July 12, 1-2pm. **The Muses Meet.** Art & poetry come together when distinguished contemporary poets give lunchtime readings of their own & other people's poems amid the Constables & the Augustus Johns in the Tate's picture galleries: June 5, **Charles Tomlinson**; June 7, **C. H. Sisson & David Wright**; June 14, **John Mole & George Szirtes**; June 21, **Carol Ann Duffy & Judith Kazantzis**; June 28, **Kevin Crossley-Holland**; July 5, **Dannie Abse**; July 12, **Nigel Wheale**. In recognition of art as a stimulus to poetic composition, the Tate Gallery invites poets & aspiring poets (adults & children) to submit poems inspired by a work of art in the Tate or by the experience of visiting the Gallery, by July 31. Competition entry forms from the Education Dept, Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1P 4RG.

June 11, 5.45pm. **God Keep Lead Out of Me.** A speech by Falstaff (*Henry IV, Part I*: Act 5, Scene 3) provides the starting point for a platform performance at the Olivier by members of the RSC. Devised by Oliver Ford Davies & James Pettifer, it looks at Shakespeare on war & peace & various interpretations of the material. National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252). £1.80.

June 12, 7.30pm. **Help a Child to See Charity Auction.** What price a dress by Zandra Rhodes, Cartier earrings & ring, a watercolour by Sir Hugh Casson or a trip for two on the Orient Express to Venice when every pound of the proceeds goes towards the care of visually-handicapped children at Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children? These items, plus silver, paintings & porcelain ranging in value from £50 to £5,000, come under the hammer in the magnificent setting of the Middle Temple Hall, EC4. Entrance by catalogue, £15 (includes champagne reception at 6.30pm); apply to Fiona Goetz, 19 Alexander Place, SW7 (589 9154), with cheques made payable to Help a Child to See. (Pre-auction viewing at Bonhams, Montpelier St, SW1: June 10, 10.30am-5.30pm, June 11, 9am-7pm, June 12, 9am-noon).

June 14-17, 11am-8pm. **International Ceramics Fair & Seminar.** The combination of loan exhibition (of rare documentary Continental porcelain not normally seen by the public from the reserve collections of the British Museum), more than 40 international exhibitors displaying ceramics &



MILITARY CEREMONIALS provide much splendid spectacle throughout June. The sovereign's official birthday has been celebrated since 1805 by the ceremony of Trooping the Colour—this year that of the Second Battalion Coldstream Guards is trooped on June 15 at 11am. The best view is from Horse Guards Parade, but if you have not already obtained a ticket (previously allocated by ballot) arrive early for unreserved standing room there or go for a spot on The Mall where you can watch the Queen and other members of the royal family riding in procession to and from the Parade. (Rehearsals on June 1 and 8 are equally impressive and less crowded, but the Queen does not take part.)

As is their custom, the Household Division (the Household Cavalry and footguards who play a major part in the ceremonial pageantry of London) Beat Retreat on Horse Guards Parade on June 4, 6.30pm, 5 and 6, 9.30pm; each year they are followed, a few days later, by a different Division, and on June 11 to 13, 6.30pm, it is the turn of the 500-strong massed bands, pipes and drums of the Queen's Division (The Queen's, Royal Anglian and Ulster Defence Regiments, and Fusiliers) to perform their grand display of marching and drilling. On June 6, Princess Anne takes the Salute, on June 12, the Duke of Kent, and on June 13, the Queen Mother. Tickets for all performances of Beating Retreat from the Ticket Centre, 1B Bridge Street, SW1A 2JR (839 6815/6732).

A Military Musical Pageant at Wembley Stadium on June 21, 8pm and 22, 7.30pm, presents the biggest band show of them all when more than 2,000 musicians from 40 bands of the British Army are joined by bands from the United States, Netherlands and French Armies, in a pageant of marching, cavalry, cannon and fireworks. Tickets from the box office, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0DW (902 1234).

glass from antiquity to the 20th century, & a full programme of lectures by 22 international scholars on specialist subjects, is based on a formula proven by this fair's three predecessors & should again be popular with collectors & enthusiasts. The Dorchester, Park Lane, W1. £3 (includes re-entry); lectures £5 each; catalogue £3. Full details from ICFS, 3B Burlington Gdns, W1 (734 5491).

June 15, noon-6pm. **Grand Spectacular & Antiques Fair.** An exciting afternoon's entertainment for the whole family or those with a thirst for more pageantry after the Trooping the Colour of the morning. 100th anniversary celebration by the Soldiers', Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association includes the Bands of the Royal Marines, REME, the HAC & Royal Yeomanry, a parachute drop, demonstrations by dogs of the RAF & the Metropolitan Police as well as refreshments, stalls & antiques fair. Duke of York's Headquarters, King's Rd, SW1. £1, OAPs & children 50p.

June 21-23, 10am-6pm. **The London Original Print Fair.** Appropriately, since London has been a centre of the print trade since the 18th century, the Royal Academy,

custodian of our national tradition in the arts, plays host to this first-time fair. Displays of more than 3,500 original prints give the collector & general public an unparalleled opportunity of viewing, under one roof, works spanning five centuries by famous painters who were also great printmakers: Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, Blake, Degas, Matisse, Picasso. Expect prices to start at £50. Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1. £1 (includes catalogue & re-entry).

June 23, 9.30am-6pm. **Map Fair & Exhibition.** Bring your own maps along for identification & evaluation by world experts. Forum Hotel, Cromwell Rd, SW7. £1.

June 25-27. **The London Antiquarian Book Fair.** True bibliophiles won't need the lure of the exhibition of Turn-of-the-Century Decorative Bindings, a feature of this year's fair, to get them among the rare & unusual books, incunabula, first editions, maps, MSS & autographed letters, some 25,000 items in all, presented by 100 antiquarian booksellers from Britain & abroad. It is to be opened by novelist Beryl Bainbridge. Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, W1. June 25, 26, 11am-8pm, June 27 until 6pm. £2.50 (includes illustrated catalogue).

## FOR CHILDREN

Until July 12, every Mon, Wed & Fri, 2pm & 3pm. **Introductory Classes to Edward Lear as Artist & Writer.** For 11- to 15-year-olds, readings from this prolific letter-writer & diarist in front of his works of art in the current exhibition. Education Dept, Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Telephone bookings only.

June 1, 8.15, 2.22, 2.29, 11am & 2.30pm. **Children's Saturday Cinema Club**, films & cartoons for six- to 12-year-olds: June 1, *The Secret of NIMH*, animated feature about a mouse embarking on a world of fantasy & adventure; June 8, *The Monster of Highgate Ponds* & *The Boy Who Turned Yellow*, two tales by great British directors; June 15, *Wombling Free*, a little girl's meeting with the Wombles of Wimbledon Common; June 22, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, a musical with flying car & Dick Van Dyke; June 29, *Supergirl*, Superman's girl cousin comes to earth. Cinema 1, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891). Membership £1 a year or 50p a day; admission £1, adults £1.50 (only if accompanied by a full member).

## LECTURES

## BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

May 30, June 6, 13, 20, 1.15pm. **Ancient Egypt in the Opera House.** Lectures by Carol Andrews & George Hart that provide historical background to the English National Opera's performances of Verdi's *Aida* & Philip Glass's *Akhenaten* (British premiere on June 17, see Opera p91). May 30, *Aida—the ancient Egypt background*; June 6, *Amenhotep III*; June 13, *“Living Aten, Lord of Eternity”*; June 20, *Tutankhamen to Horemheb*. (June 22, 10.30-4pm, a study day on *Akhenaten*, with speakers George Hart & conductor of the opera Paul Daniel, includes a guided walk around the Museum's collection to look at the artifacts of the period. Details from Education Unit (A), London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2N 4ES; tel: 836 0111 ext 354).

## GRESHAM COLLEGE

Level 12, Frobisher Crescent, The Barbican, EC2 (638 0353).

June 6, 13, 19, 20, 6pm. **Gresham Lectures.** Under the terms of the will in 1575 of the founder of the Royal Exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham, the Corporation of London was obliged to pay £50 a year to each of four lecturers in astronomy, divinity, geometry & music, & the Mercers' Company to make similar payments to three lecturers in law, physic & rhetoric. His Mansion House in Bishopsgate St, which was turned over to the lecturers for their occupation & for the reading of lectures, became Gresham College. The lectures are still going strong, all free & open to the public. The summer term concludes with: June 6, *Charter parties & bills of lading (law)*; *The failure of the subsidy system—our contemporary crisis (rhetoric)*; June 13, *Principles of insurance law (law)*; June 19, *The Earth's atmosphere (astronomy)*; June 20, *Cancer, its medical & social implications (physic)*.

## INSTITUTE FOR COMPLEMENTARY MEDICINE

21 Portland Place, W1 (inquiries: 935 7776). June 14, 7pm. **Nutrition & stress**, Dr Alan Stewart, leading nutritionist, on the importance of nutritional factors in the prevention of disease. £5 (includes refreshments).



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## BRIEFING

## EXHIBITIONS EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

THE EXHIBITION to make a beeline for this month is that by two American sculptors, both of them women, at the Serpentine Gallery until June 23. Neither has shown her work in Britain before. Louise Bourgeois is a senior and highly respected figure in the United States whose sculpture in recent years has become increasingly Surrealist and at the same time fiercely feminist. Alice Aycock makes huge, non-functional machines, which she describes as "miracle machines—not religious or anything, but alchemical magic".

□ Nearly half a century after the great International Surrealist Exhibition held in Britain in 1936, a show at Blond Fine Art marks the growing Surrealist revival by bringing together all the British artists who participated in that exhibition, plus a majority of those who took part in the half-forgotten British Surrealist movement of the 1930s and 40s.

## GALLERIES

### ALPINE GALLERY

74 South Audley St, W1 (inquiries: 0932 225536). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 2pm. **Ridley Art Society 88th Exhibition.** Paintings, prints & sculpture by this long-established Society's professional & amateur artist members. June 17-29.

### BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (928 7521). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Royal Watercolour Society Diploma Collection: Newly Conserved Works 1804-1985.** See illustration below. June 6-July 7. £1, OAPs, students & children 50p.

### BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. **American Images: Photography 1945-80.** This show of over 400 works by 80 photographers traces the development of US photography as an art form. Until June 30. £1.50, OAPs, disabled, students & children 75p.

**Concourse Gallery**, foyer level 5 (Mon-Sat 9am-11pm, Sun noon-11pm). **Double Elephant—Printmaking on a Large Scale.** A rare opportunity to see prints beyond the normal scale of lithography, screen printing & relief printing. June 5-30.

### DAVID BLACK ORIENTAL CARPETS

96 Portland Rd, W11 (727 2566). Mon-Sat 11am-6pm. **Kilims: Ancient & Modern.** A demonstration of the comparable quality of 19th-century kilims & contemporary examples, at prices ranging from £150 for a modern one to £3,750 for a mid 19th-century Caucasian. June 14-July 27.

### BLOND FINE ART

22 Princes St, W1 (437 1230). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. **A Salute to British Surrealism 1930-50.** See introduction. Until June 22.

### COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. **The Olmec-Maya & Now: Paintings by Aubrey Williams.** New works in vibrant colours give an interpretation of the culture that flourished 2,000 years ago in the artist's native Guyana. June 6-July 7.

### CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Crafts America: Crafts & Design by Americans in Britain.** American expatriates have made a substantial contribution to the current British crafts revival. Among the most important influences have been the glass-maker Charlie Meaker & the tapestry-weaver Candace Bahouth. **Handmade Clothing from the USA.** The American Craft Museum, New York, puts on extremely good touring exhibitions. Items here have been selected from their "Art to Wear" exhibition which has just completed tours of the USA & Canada. Both until July 14.

### DESIGN CENTRE

28 Haymarket, SW1 (839 8000). Mon, Tues 10am-6pm, Wed-Sat until 8pm, Sun 1-6pm. **Designing for Britain or Abroad?** The exhibition questions whether the talents of British designers are being utilized by British manufacturers or whether all the best British design ideas are going overseas. Until July 7.

### ESKENAZI

166 Piccadilly, W1 (493 5464). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. **Rare Chinese Works of Art.** This exhibition of Chinese bronzes, ceramics & jades selected for their rarity value is Eskenazi's way of celebrating their 25 years in London. June 12-July 12.

### GUILDHALL ART GALLERY

Aldermanbury, EC2 (inquiries: 377 0540). Daily 10am-5pm. **City of London Festival.** Some 150

drawings of rehearsals, events & venues, and other studies of the City from the last Festival's artist in residence, Colin T. Johnson, serve as a curtain-raiser to this year's festivities, which start on July 7. June 5-July 3.

### HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. **Edgar Degas: The Painter as Printmaker.** Degas's prints are too little known. This exhibition, put together last year by the Boston Museum for the 150th anniversary of Degas's birth, gives an intimate view of one of the greatest artists of the 19th century. A number of monotypes & small bronzes have been added for the London showing. **1985 Hayward Annual.** This seventh exhibition of contemporary British art is London gallery director Nigel Greenwood's personal selection of works by 20 artists. Both until July 7. £2.50, OAPs, students, unemployed, children & everybody all day Mon & 6-8pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

### CHRISTOPHER HULL GALLERY

17 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 0500). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. **John Craxton.** This major



The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours' plans for the restoration of their entire permanent collection of pictures bear their first fruits when 85 works (from a total of nearly 500) go on view—newly conserved, framed and mounted—at the Society's home, the Bankside Gallery, from June 6 to July 7: **Dame Laura Knight's *The Girls' Dressing Wagon***, above, is in the exhibition.

The collection, consisting of works presented by members on receiving the diploma of the Society and bequests, has rarely been seen in public and this showing includes watercolours by such distinguished artists as Samuel Palmer, Peter DeWint and Russell Flint. A section of the exhibition concentrates on the conservation programme in hand and the Gallery's "adopt a picture" campaign in its efforts to restore all the remaining works.

exhibition of John Craxton's work, the first since his retrospective in 1967 when he was associated with the "neo-romantic" movement, reveals his maturity in the 1980s. Since the late 1940s Craxton has lived & worked in Crete. June 13-July 6.

### NICOLA JACOBS GALLERY

9 Cork St, W1 (437 3868). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. **Horses.** Exhibition featuring a number of famous artists' work on this theme—from Picasso & de Chirico to A. R. Penck & Susan Rothenberg. June 25-Aug 3.

### NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Wed until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Artist in Residence: Hughie O'Donoghue.** Selected works completed during O'Donoghue's period of residence at the Gallery (Oct, 1984-Mar, 1985). They paint a lot faster nowadays. June 1-30. **Acquisition in Focus: Perseus turning Phineas & his followers to stone.** This huge painting, by another master of the rapid brush, Luca Giordano, is the centrepiece of the fifth exhibition in a series featuring major recent acquisitions. June 26-Aug 26.

### NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Howard Coster: Camera Portraits from the Twenties & Thirties.** A centenary exhibition peopled with an array of celebrated men & women from the worlds of literature, art, music, film & theatre: Vera Brittain, Rebecca West, Charles Lughton, Benjamin Britten & many others. June 28-Sept 8.

### NEW ART GALLERY

Bernard Baron Pavilion, Regent's Park, NW1 (935 4010). Daily 10am-6pm. **Phil Ridley.** The third show at this new exhibition space in the middle of Regent's Park is devoted to the work of a recent graduate of St Martin's, painter of symbolic landscapes of volcanoes, magical clouds & trees which grow into giants & flowers with human heads. June 13-July 3.

### PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

5 & 8 Gt Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. **Image & Exploration.** An examination of the visual aesthetic of the photograph—based on the work of young & largely unknown British photographers—showing the influences & traditions that have affected picture-making in recent years. June 21-Sept 7.

### PICCADILLY GALLERY

16 Cork St, W1 (629 2875). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 12.30pm. **P.P.O.W. at the Piccadilly.** This gently conservative space is improbably playing host to one of the fiercest little galleries from New York's Lower East Side. The show of paintings & sculpture by up-and-coming American artists includes a number of strong images. June 25-July 20.

### QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1 (930 4832). Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Fabergé from the Royal Collection.** King Edward VII & Queen Alexandra were among the great Russian jeweller's most ardent admirers. Their collection was further enlarged by Queen Mary & by King George VI. Until end Oct. £1, OAPs, students & children 40p.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. **Edward Lear 1812-1888.** A comprehensive survey of the work of Lear, famous for his nonsense verses & drawings as well as for being a gifted landscape painter & natural-history draughtsman. Until July 14. £2, OAPs, students, unemployed & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £1.40, children £1. **217th Summer Exhibition.** Once again on the upswing as an important market place for artists, R. B. Kitaj & Tom Phillips this year make their debuts as newly-elected ARAs. June 1-Aug 25. £2.20, £1.60 & £1.10.

### ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank, SE1 (928 8800). Daily 10am-10pm. **Ray Walker: Memorial Exhibition.** Ray Walker, who died suddenly in May, 1984, aged 39, built a substantial reputation as a creator of public art, especially murals. The Imperial War Museum has lent **Army Recruitment**, a large triptych commissioned in 1981. Until June 16.

### SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat, Sun until 7pm. **Louise Bourgeois & Alice Aycock**, sculpture. See introduction. Until June 23.





*Cavallo, 1953, by Marino Marini: the horse in 20th-century art at Nicola Jacobs.*

**SPINK**  
King St, St James's, SW1 (930 7888). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. **20th-Century British Paintings & Watercolours.** A subjective selection that includes Augustus John, William Roberts, John & Paul Nash, Piper & Minton. June 4-26. **Indian Textiles.** Kashmir shawls, Mughal velvets & Gujarati embroideries illustrate the virtuosity of the Indian artisan. June 4-28.

**TATE GALLERY**  
Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. **Francis Bacon.** A comprehensive exhibition of 126 works spanning the artist's career since 1944. It concentrates on his

most ambitious works—the series of triptychs. Until Aug 18. **Georg Baselitz—Prints 1963-83.** Some 80 items, including etchings, woodcuts & monotypes, by one of the most important European printmakers of the last 20 years. June 17-Sept 1.

**TRYON & MOORLAND GALLERY**  
23/24 Cork St, W1 (734 6961). Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm. **Robert Bateman, his world.** May 29-June 14. **J. C. Harrison.** Game birds, wildfowl, birds of prey. June 19-July 2.

**CHRISTOPHER WOOD GALLERY**  
15 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 9141). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **From Manor to Cottage.** This year Christopher Wood has made gardens & flowers the theme of his annual exhibition. Particularly notable are the watercolours by Helen Allingham. Until June 22.

**Out of town**  
**WHITWORTH ART GALLERY**  
University of Manchester, Whitworth Park, Manchester (061-273 4865). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs until 9pm. **Marianne Straub RDI: A Retrospective Exhibition.** An industrial textile designer for nearly 50 years, whose designs can still be found in London Transport buses & Underground. Until June 22. **Jenny West, recent drawings.** Until July 13.

## MUSEUMS

**BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD**  
Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 3204). Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Snoopy & Charlie Brown are 35 years old.** Original Schulz drawings, dolls & toys go on show in this birthday celebration for the Peanuts comic strip which first appeared in 1950. June 5-Sept 1.

**BOILERHOUSE PROJECT**  
V&A Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7 (581 5273). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. **National Characteristics in Design.** Manufactured goods from eight industrial nations, from simple

everyday items such as food packaging to mass transport & household products, are shown to betray the cultural preoccupations of the countries that produce them. Until July 18.

**MUSEUM OF LONDON**  
London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **The Quiet Conquest: the Huguenots, 1685-1985.** In the tercentenary year of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—by which Louis XIV deprived Huguenots, or French Protestants, of their right to freedom of worship—this exhibition focuses on those Huguenots who fled to England in the late 17th century & their legacy to London & the nation. Until Oct 31.

**NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM**  
Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **Streeton in France 1918.** A loan exhibition of 58 watercolours by Sir Arthur Streeton (1867-1943) from Canberra's Australian War Memorial. As an Australian official war artist in the six months leading up to the Armistice, Streeton recorded war's destruction. May 30-July 31.

**NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM**  
Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Sea Finland—Finnish Seafaring from Early History to the Future.** Early boat-building up to the modern icebreakers & cruise liners, the oldest surviving diving suit & a church boat, 48ft long & propelled by nine pairs of oars, are displayed. **Time at Sea.** An exhibition to mark the 250th anniversary of the first successful chronometer, made by John Harrison, Yorkshire carpenter & self-taught clockmaker, in 1735. Both until Dec 31. Museum & Old Royal Observatory £1 each, OAPs, students, unemployed & children 50p; combined ticket £1.50 & 75p; family ticket £4.

**VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM**  
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **Masterworks of Contemporary American Jewelry: Sources & Concepts.** American craft jewelry is less self-consciously "radical" than the British: variety, obsessed by

technique & often influenced by ethnic sources. Until July 25. **English Caricature: 1620 to the Present.** A survey that takes in anti-Catholic prints of the 17th century & irreverent cartoons of today. Artists represented include Hogarth & Gillray, Gerald Scarfe & Ralph Steadman. June 12-Sept 1.

**Three English Architects: Sir John Soane, A. W. N. Pugin, J. R. Seddon.** A celebration of the publication of the first three catalogues of a series which will eventually cover all the 35,000 drawings by architects in the Museum. June 26-Oct 27.

**V&A Craft Shop** (589 5070). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.45pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. **Guy Taplin—Carved Wooden Birds.** Preening pintail, blue-winged teal, curlew & heron, carved from driftwood, at prices from £90. Until June 20.

**Out of town**  
**FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM**  
Trumpington St, Cambridge (0223 69501). Tues-Sat 2-5pm, Sun 2.15-5pm. **Cambridge Society of Painters & Sculptors Annual Exhibition.** The work of professional artists who live in or near Cambridge. June 28-July 13.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART OXFORD**  
30 Pembroke St, Oxford (0865 722733). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Mexico in Revolution: The Archives of Agustín Víctor Casasola 1874-1938.** Photographs from the archives of one of the pioneers of documentary photography record the intricate & bloody history of the Mexican Revolution. **Edward Wright: Graphic work & Painting.** Edward Wright is best known as a designer of architectural lettering (the rotating sign for New Scotland Yard is his work). The current exhibition documents the full range of his activity as an artist & graphic designer. **Colour Photographs from the Farm Security Administration.** American farming families hit by the Depression, documented between 1939 & 1941 in the newly invented Kodachrome colour. **John Hubbard: Paintings 1962-1980.** Large oil paintings from this American artist who has worked in England since 1960. All exhibitions June 16-July 28.

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## RESTAURANTS

ALEX FINER

**Odins Restaurant** in Devonshire Street is a splendid venue for a sybaritic evening out. Christopher German, aged 27, has been its head chef since last June after three years as sous-chef under his predecessor Bruce Wass and earlier training at the Grosvenor House. His cooking is classically-oriented, original French. He changes the menu daily, buying mainly English produce complemented by the occasional indispensable French delivery. With his deputy, David Healey, aged 24, he runs a kitchen staff of 10 in two shifts. They serve about 50 lunches (a three-course set lunch is available at £12.50, excluding service) and 60 dinners from the basement kitchens to the ground-floor dining area with its maximum 54 covers.

Attention is more commonly paid to one of the proprietors, Peter Langan. The Irishman's reputation for extravagant behaviour is regularly linked to the fashionable Brasserie in Stratton Street, one of three London restaurants in which he has a stake. By contrast, Odins exudes calm and elegant charm. Its restrained mood and stylish character is generally credited to the managing director, Annegret Wood. A cosmopolitan appeal is confidently maintained at the front desk by Nuan Simonyi, a British-born Chinese beauty with a Hungarian surname.

Peter Langan's connexion with Odins dates back to the mid 1960s when the restaurant was next door at No 26, in half the space, and Mr Langan was the chef. Although a legend persists that he traded free dinners to a hungry David Hockney in return for paintings and drawings which adorn the present restaurant (and menu), the prosaic fact is that the two were friends. The explanation for Patrick Procktor's work on the walls (and wine list) is that he, too, became a friend and married a former owner.

When Odins opened in its present premises, the original restaurant, left at first as a box-room, had a brief life as a fish restaurant and has since traded most successfully as Langan's Bistro. Odins meanwhile grew resplendent with heavy gilt-framed English landscapes and portraits joining the Hockneys and the Procktors. Seating and distance between tables were judged to perfection. Service was smart and usually efficient. Odins became and has remained one of the most relaxed and sophisticated dining rooms in town.

One of life's anticipatory pleasures is to be seated in the comfort of an armchair with the evening *à la carte* menu to hand at one of the white-linen-dressed, well laid tables.

On a recent evening starters included a game terrine with pear chutney, cured duck-breast salad and cauliflower soup. My chosen gratin of mussels and scallops was delicately perfumed and had a sea-fresh consistency.



Patrick Procktor's painting of Peter Langan (left) adorns Odins' wine list.

The artichoke heart, chicken livers and wild mushrooms, served on a reduced meat glaze sauce, did not disappoint my companions.

The main courses were dominated by fish—brill with Dublin Bay prawns, fillet of wild salmon with saffron and basil (a variation on a Troisgros recipe with sorrel), braised scallops with a sole mousseline, grilled Dover sole, and fillets of zander, a freshwater fish in plentiful supply at the time. I chose a house speciality, the Scotch sirloin with shallot sauce and beef marrow, which lived up to my high expectations. Vegetables, served on side-plates, comprised buttered mange tout peas, purée of swede, ratatouille and new potatoes. Gratin dauphinois was available but I regret the long absence of their widely-appreciated Colcannon potato (croquettes of cabbage, carrot, turnip and mashed potato).

Desserts have remained an attractive feature of Odins and still include Mrs Langan's cream-striped chocolate pudding. A Viennese fruit crêpe proved to be sponge wrapped around fresh fruit and cream, all in a strawberry coulis. My own plate bore a cream mousse rising like an island from a small pool of Calvados sauce and was decorated with a plum shaped into a star and a rosette of cream with a leaf of mint in the middle. We made appreciative noises as these were served. "Next time, bring your camera," said the waiter pleasantly.

The wine list is exclusively French.

House wines are £5.75; the house champagne, from George Goulet, is £16.50 and, along with a 1979 vintage pink Laurent Perrier, is available by the half-bottle. The whites are priced mainly below £15. The *cru classé* clarets rise to a Latour at £60.

We drank a delightful half of Chassagne Montrachet, 1981, shipped by Delagrangé, at £10.75, and then a bottle of Château La Cardonne, 1979, a *cru bourgeois* still a little harsh, priced £11.50. The final bill, for three people, which included a cheesy *amuse-gueule* to start and coffee and *petits fours* to conclude, was a few pence under £100, house service included.

□ Odins Restaurant, 27 Devonshire Street, W1 (935 7296). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.15pm, Mon-Sat 7-11.15pm.

## GOOD EATING GUIDE

A changing selection of *ILN* recommended restaurants appears each month. Estimated prices are based on the average cost of an *à la carte* meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £25; ££ £25-£40; £££ above £40.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diners Club; A = Access (Master Charge); Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as cc All.

## L'Arlequin

123 Queenstown Rd, SW8 (622 0555). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, 7.30-11pm.

An £11.50 lunchtime menu offers an affordable

## Vital statistics of eating out

The habits and preferences of 1,000 members of the British public when eating out have recently been analysed by PAS Business Surveys, commissioned by Berni Inns. The results are fairly predictable although I was pleasantly surprised to discover that 13 per cent considered the existence of a no smoking area to be the most important consideration in selecting somewhere to eat.

What shocked me—and will confirm

many a male prejudice—is that when out with a man on a business meal, most women (56 per cent) never pay or share the bill. When eating out socially, 72 per cent of married women and 44 per cent of single women never pay or share the bill.

The only hope of equal rights for men and equal responsibilities for women is found in the 16-24 age group. Nearly half of these ladies sometimes or regularly share the bill on social occasions.

introduction to Christien Delteil's inventive, light & pretty-on-the-plate cuisine. Pastoral décor matches the mood. cc A, DC, Bc £££

## Bombay Brasserie

Courtfield Close, Courtfield Rd, SW7 (370 4040). Daily 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30-11.30pm.

Turn-of-the-century Raj with Goan, Parsi, Moghlai & tandoori specialities. Fixed-price buffet lunches at £7.95, Indian Kingfisher beer & spacious surroundings which include a conservatory. cc All ££

## Brinkley's

47 Hollywood Rd, SW10 (351 1683). Mon-Sat 7.30-11.30pm.

John Brinkley achieves a high standard of French *nouvelle cuisine* in this small, pretty & unpretentious restaurant with its ceiling fans, skylight & trompe l'oeil flowers on the back wall of the patio. cc All £££

## Chez Gérard

5 Charlotte St, W1 (636 8979). Sun-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, daily 6.30-11pm.

Over the years this steak, salad & frites establishment, as well as moving from one side of Charlotte St to the other, has spawned off-shoots at 31 Dover St, W1 (499 8171) & 119 Chancery Lane, WC2 (405 0290). The menu has expanded but châteaubriand or côte de boeuf, a fine cheeseboard & bustling French waitresses remain the main attractions. cc A, Bc ££

## Clarke's

124 Kensington Church St, W8 (221 9225). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-10pm.

Owner Sally Clarke inspires a cult following for her California-influenced light French cuisine in cool & comfortable surroundings. Limited-choice lunches; & a no-choice weekday evening set meal at £15. cc A, Bc ££

## Green Cottage II

122a Finchley Rd, NW3 (794 3833). Weds-Mon noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm.

An introduction to Chinese vegetarian cuisine, known as "Zhai", in clean-cut hi-tech surroundings. Set meals from £8. cc All ££

## Meridiana

169 Fulham Rd, SW3 (589 8815). Daily 12.30-3pm, 7pm-midnight.

Trendy Italian in Fulham Road with a first-floor terrace overlooking the traffic. Good pasta & fish & a charcoal grill. cc All ££

## The Nosherie

12/13 Greville St, Hatton Gdn, EC1 (242 1591). Mon-Fri 8.30am-5.30pm.

Join the diamond dealers in being mothered by waitresses serving a long Jewish menu including chopped liver, salt beef & lutkas, baked klopitz & kasha, & lockshen pudding. cc None £

## Odette's

130 Regent's Park Rd, NW1 (586 5486). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-10.30pm.

The main room is airy, bright & spacious with mirrors of every shape & size crowding the walls. There is a conservatory with a sliding roof & wine bar downstairs. Anglicized French fare. cc All ££

## Ormond's

6 Ormond Yard, SW1 (930 2842). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, Mon-Sat 6.30-11.30pm.

Tucked away in a mews near Jermyn St, this restaurant with disco club in the basement is enjoying a new lease of life. Daily specials complement an international cuisine. cc All ££

## Payton Place

96 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (379 3277). Daily noon-11.30pm (Sun until 10.30pm).

Seafood theatre with a Disneyesque décor & nautical background music & a short, mainly fish, menu featuring crab claws, in the style of Joe's Stone Crabs in Miami, & spicy Blackened White Fish following Paul Pudhomme's recipe at K-Pauls in New Orleans. cc None £

## RSJ's

13a Coin St, SE1 (928 4554). Mon-Fri noon-2pm, Mon-Sat 6-11pm.

Splendid French dishes served on two floors of this unassuming bistro, convenient for the National Theatre & the South Bank. cc None ££

## Rue St Jacques

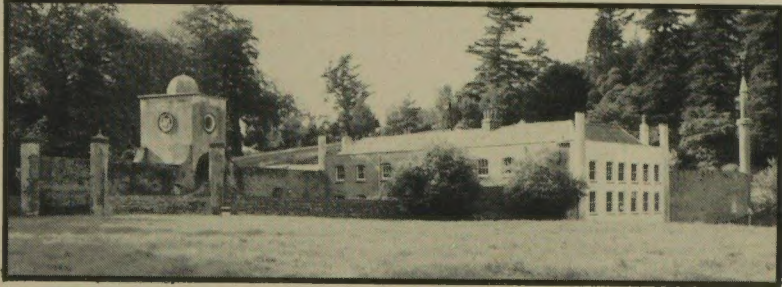
5 Charlotte St, W1 (637 0222). Mon-Fri 12.15-2.30pm, 7.30-11.15pm.

Arresting modern décor beyond the Georgian exterior. Expensive French food, elegantly served, with the daily three-course set lunch at £13.50 offering best value. cc All £££.



## BRIEFING HOTELS

HILARY RUBINSTEIN



City dwellers' perennial dreams of peace and quiet may not always be fulfilled by trips to the country where, having driven miles to get away from the hubbub of the town, they might then find their rural retreat abuts on to a busy main road. And oh, the misery—for those who like to open a window at night—of finding double-glazing as the remedy for noise. The hotels this month have been selected for their quiet situations, with only the cacophony of early birds to disturb the tranquillity.

**Taychreggan**, in its peaceful setting on the northern shore of the beautiful and secluded Loch Awe in Strathclyde, Western Scotland, lies at the end of a winding road. This old coaching inn has been carefully renovated (it won a Civic Trust award), bedrooms are comfortable and attractive, with well-equipped bathrooms, and the gardens and loch shore well cared for. It is run professionally but informally by John Taylor and his Danish wife Tove, whose lunchtime *koldt bord* is a feature of the place. Dinners make much use of local Scottish produce. You can go boating and fishing on the loch, riding and shooting are available and there are excellent walks and excursions in the vicinity.

**Hope End Country House Hotel** is small and remote, tucked away in a gentle sloping valley, in a 40 acre park (with nature reserve), 2 miles north of Ledbury and close to the Malvern Hills. It was the childhood home of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and features in much of her poetry. Bedrooms are smallish and simple rather than luxurious with locally-woven rugs and curtains. There is a room in the courtyard beneath an Islamic-style minaret and a tiny cottage 200 yards from the main building which, unlike the other guest rooms, has television and tea-making equipment. Public rooms are more spacious, with a similar integrity of style. For the five-course meals, Patricia Hegarty places strong emphasis on organic food and she can provide a wide repertoire of vegetarian dishes on request.

**Bailiffscourt** in West Sussex, built less than 50 years ago at fabulous cost by the late Lord Moyne, is a replica of Sir Roger de Montgomery's 13th-century courthouse, complete with mullioned windows, oak doors, arches, gnarled beams and a courtyard, every stone, window and doorway dating from the medieval period, having been brought from derelict mansions, farmhouses and cottages. A mile from Littlehampton, it is set in a 22-acre estate, with tennis courts, croquet, heated swimming pool and sauna and a private path to the beach. Inside are a variety of public rooms—lounges, library, card room, games room, and so on; the bedrooms, many with four-poster beds, are lavishly equipped. Breakfast is a magnificent display, ranging from kidneys to kippers. Jams and marmalades are home-made. In summer, you can lunch outside in the courtyard or walled garden. Excellent picnics for nearby Glyndebourne are provided on request.

**Hope End: its minaret was built as a folly by Elizabeth Barrett Browning's father.**

Eighteen miles from Barnstaple in North Devon, **The Heddon's Gate Hotel** enjoys a spectacular location, perched 400 feet over a luscious valley, with views over miles of moorland and wooded hills. The 20 acres of ground are surrounded by Exmoor National Park, and two popular footpaths begin almost from the hotel garden, one being part of the South-West Peninsular Coastal Footpath. There are safe and secluded beaches near by and fishing, riding and golf are available. The hotel's owners, Robert and Anne De Ville, are members of the National Gardens Scheme and justly proud of their steeply-terraced gardens. Cooking is ambitious, if not *haute cuisine*. Lavish cream teas and generous English breakfasts are served. Accommodation is simple but comfortable.

□ **Taychreggan**, Kilchrenan by Taynuilt, Strathclyde, Scotland (086 63 211). Dinner, bed and breakfast £39 per person. Set lunch £7.

□ **Hope End Country House Hotel**, Hope End, Ledbury, Hereford and Worcester (0531 3613). Dinner, bed and breakfast £40 per person per night for stays of more than one night. (Stays of only one night are discouraged.)

□ **Bailiffscourt Hotel**, Climping, nr Littlehampton, W Sussex (0903 723511). Single room with Continental breakfast £45, double £65-£85. Set lunch £15; *à la carte* dinner about £15.

□ **The Heddon's Gate Hotel**, Heddon's Mouth, Parracombe, Barnstaple, Devon (059 83 313). Bed and breakfast £16.10-£21.80 per person.

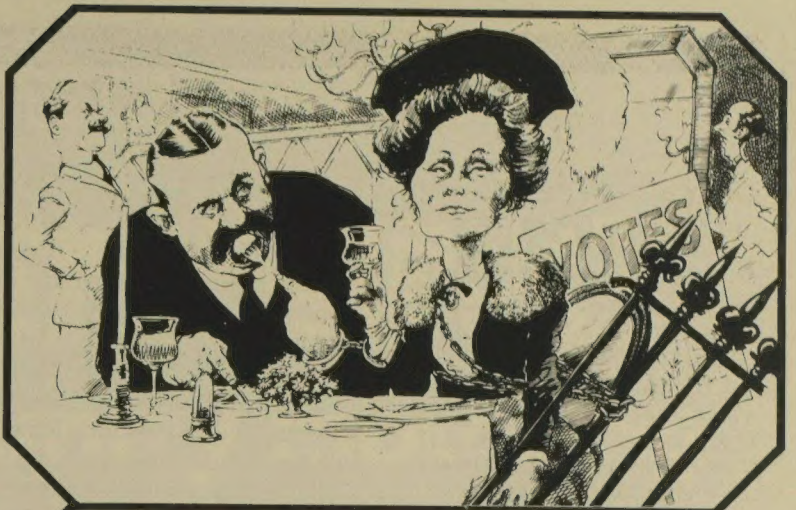
The above tariffs are per night and include VAT and service (except at Taychreggan where it is optional). Most of the hotels offer special rates for long stays.

### Failing the bedroom test

I wish all hotel owners and managers would sleep in each of their rooms at least once a year. They would learn a lot to their own and their guests' advantage.

Take beds for instance. Many hotel beds have long outlived their natural span. Some mattresses sag, forcing even a loving couple into uncomfortable proximity. Others creak, and if the walls are too thin, you can hear your neighbour's bed movements as well as your own. Plumbing, too, can be a major irritant: the noise from the adjoining lavatory, perhaps, or the central heating starting up at six in the morning with much barking and gurgling from the radiator.

The observant hotelier would discover much else besides: a bulb missing from one of the lights; a drawer that doesn't open; a cupboard door coming off its hinges; a mirror poorly placed; no satisfactory place to rest a second suitcase; a wardrobe without hangers. Report defects to the hotel.



## Mrs Pankhurst would have given us her vote.

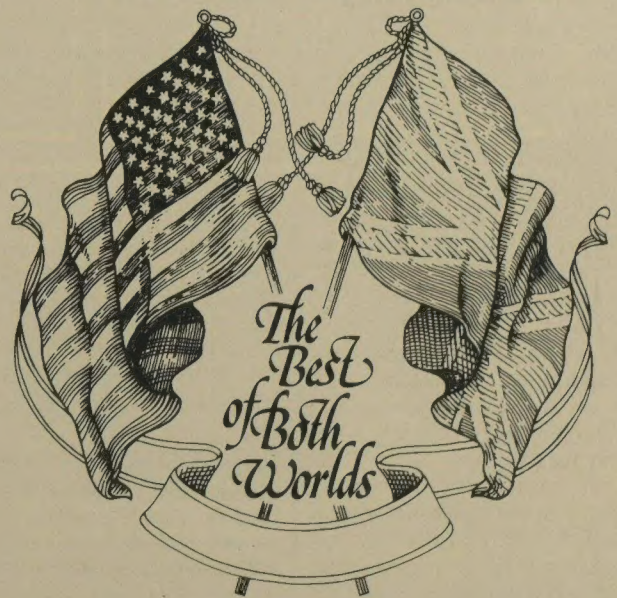
She would have felt quite at home in the Edwardian splendour of Truffles.

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## BRIEFING

## OUT OF TOWN ANGELA BIRD

DORSET AND SOMERSET towns associated with the "Pitchfork Rebellion" are holding all manner of events including plays, exhibitions and re-enactments of marches and skirmishes to commemorate the tercentenary of the uprising.

Three hundred years ago the Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II, landed at Lyme Regis in Dorset and declared himself the Protestant heir to his late father. More than 6,000 local men rallied to him, armed with whatever came to hand, on his progress through Taunton towards Bristol, and fought the royalist troops of James II at the Battle of Sedgemoor. The Pitchfork Rebellion was short-lived and unsuccessful. Hundreds of the rebels were tried by Judge Jeffreys during the infamous Bloody Assizes and sentenced to gory deaths or transportation as slaves to the West Indies. Monmouth himself was executed for treason.

Pageants at Lyme Regis on June 15 and 16 are the culmination of a festival week there; free son-et-lumière productions take place at dusk from Monday to Saturday outside Taunton Castle; groups of costumed Somerset schoolchildren will retrace sections of Monmouth's march from Lyme to Bridgwater between June 9 and July 3; and the Sealed Knot plans a large-scale re-creation of the Battle of Sedgemoor near its original site at Westonzoyland, just outside Bridgwater, on July 6 and 7, beginning at 3pm on each day.

Somerset Tourist Office, County Hall, Taunton TA1 4DY (0823 73451) has produced an events list and a trail leaflet to guide visitors to sites of the ill-fated rebellion, and also has details of hotel and guest-house packages, including some with special Pitchfork Rebellion themes.

## EVENTS

### ISLE OF WIGHT

Digital Schneider Trophy Air Race, June 23.

Commemorating the renowned series of races for seaplanes of the 1920s & 30s (Britain won the trophy outright in 1931), today's circuit for modern light aircraft is three laps of a 135 mile course over the Solent, the south coast of England & the island's north-east coast. Up to 60 aircraft are expected to take part, with preliminary heats being flown on the Saturday. Good views from beaches between Bembridge & Cowes. Start Bembridge airfield, finish Ryde Pier.

### KENT

Dickens Festivals: Rochester, May 30-June 2; Broadstairs, June 15-22.

Charles Dickens spent some of his childhood & his old age in Chatham & at Gad's Hill, & used the area as a setting for many of his novels. *Great Expectations* & *The Pickwick Papers* are set in Rochester; buildings in Broadstairs provided inspiration for *Bleak House* & for Betsy Trotwood's house in *David Copperfield*. Both towns have Dickens museums. Festival events include Victorian entertainment, readings, plays, parades, lectures & performances of some of Dickens's work. Full programmes from Eastgate Cottage, High St, Rochester (0634 43666) or Lancaster House, Serene Pl, Broadstairs (0843 62853).

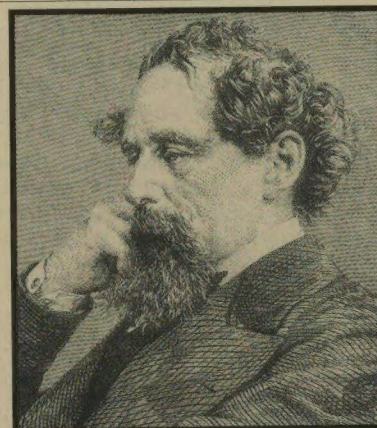
### LEICESTERSHIRE

Rutland Water Show, Whitwell, nr Oakham. June 8, 9, 11am-5pm.

A variety of activities show off the facilities of Europe's largest man-made lake, a huge reservoir which covers 3,100 acres of the old county of Rutland, & the surrounding area. Fishing, sailing & windsurfing are offered, as well as riding & trails for walkers & cyclists. The vast expanse of water is dominated by the tower of Normanton Church, now accessible only by a causeway & housing a museum of local history. £5 for car & all occupants. Reservoir & museum are open daily.

### NORFOLK

The True Pleasures of Gardens, Felbrigg Hall, Felbrigg, nr Cromer. June 7, 7pm.



Charles Dickens: Rochester and Broadstairs celebrate his connexions with Kent.

A collection of prose & poetry, devised by Barbara Brill, performed by Cyril & Violet Luckham in the morning room of this 17th-century house, with walled garden, woodland & lakeside walks (026375 444). £3.

### SHROPSHIRE

Ludlow Festival, June 22-July 7.

Centrepiece of this year's festival is an open-air production of *The Tempest*, in the dramatic setting of the castle ruins. Other events include a performance by the Pavilion Opera Company of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* at Oakly Park, concerts, a performance by Tim Heath of John Betjeman's verse autobiography *Summoned by Bells*, puppet shows for children & daily guided tours of this charming & beautifully preserved market town with its blend of medieval, Tudor & Georgian buildings & narrow cobbled alleys. Festival Office, Castle Sq, Ludlow (0584 2150).

### SOMERSET

Pitchfork Rebellion. See introduction.

### SURREY

Mr Sheridan's Midsummer Revels, Polesden Lacey, Great Bookham, nr Dorking. June 19-22, 7.30pm.

Dress up in Regency costume & bring a picnic to enjoy in the grounds of this 19th-

century house. As well as rustic revels & sideshows, "Richard Brinsley Sheridan" welcomes his guest "Prince George" to the accompaniment of suitable music & dancing, & the evening ends with a fireworks display. Tickets £3.50, children £2, from Bookham (31) 57223; car parking £2.

### WALES

Llandaff Festival, Llandaff, nr Cardiff. June 7-15.

Performances by Claudio Arrau, Yitkin Seow, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, City of London Sinfonia, the King's Singers & others in Llandaff's restored cathedral & in Cardiff's new St David's Hall. Information from Crane's Music, 40 Town Wall, St David's Centre, Cardiff (0222 20859).

## GARDENS

### DORSET

Open Gardens Weekend, Cerne Abbas, nr Dorchester. June 15, 16, 2-6pm.

About 30 private gardens open to view in this pretty village of late-medieval to 18th-century houses, dominated by the chalk figure of the Cerne Giant cut out of the hillside above. Teas available, some plants for sale. £1, children 25p admits to all gardens.

### HERTFORDSHIRE

Festival of Gardening, Hatfield House, Hatfield. June 22, 23.

Demonstrations & displays, trade stands, experts on hand to answer horticultural questions & a rare opportunity to look into Lady Salisbury's private East Gardens. Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 10am-5pm. £2, children £1. The house, with its paintings, tapestries & armour, has been owned by the Cecil family since it was built in 1607 & is open Tues-Sun; John Tradescant senior was head gardener here in the 17th century. The West Gardens contain a scented garden with aromatic herbs & sweet-smelling trees & shrubs, a wilderness garden with rhododendrons, azaleas & wild flowers, & a recently created knot garden. Tues-Sat noon-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £2.45, children £1.80 for house & garden.

### WARWICKSHIRE

Flower Festival, Stoneleigh Abbey, nr Kenilworth. June 21-23, 10am-6pm.

Humphrey Repton landscaped the 15 acre gardens in the 18th century, with attractive woodland & riverside walks. Flower arrangements throughout the ancient house—reopened only last year after a fire necessitated a £1 million restoration programme. In the 12th-century Undercroft a realistic Elizabethan banquet is laid out—all the food made from *papier mâché*—& a display shows how the monks who formerly lived there brewed their beer. £2.20, children £1. House open normally Sun, Mon, Thurs.

### WILTSHIRE

Sheldon Manor, nr Chippenham.

Old-fashioned roses bloom in profusion among the grass & ramble up trees in the old orchard; stone walls & terraces lead down to a water garden; three ancient yew trees stand in the forecourt of this medieval manor house & interesting trees & shrubs are to be found throughout the garden. Booking opens on June 1 (0249 653120) for an open-air production of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, to be performed in the water garden from July 9 to 13. The house has a 13th-century porch, panelled rooms & old oak furniture. Not to be missed are the manor's exceptionally good home-made teas. Sun, Thurs & bank holidays 12.30-6pm, house from 2pm. £1.50, children 50p; garden only 70p & 30p.



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